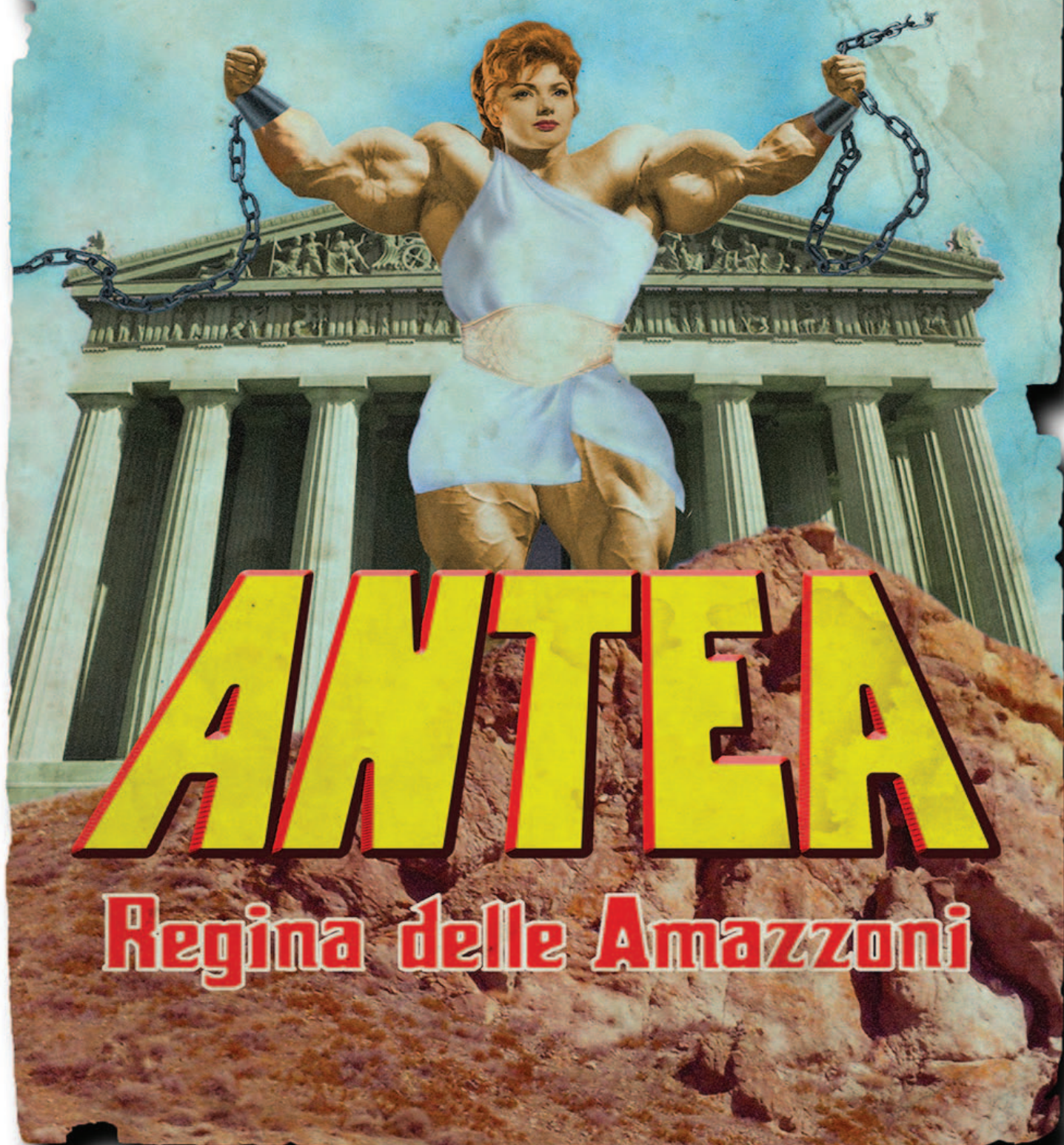


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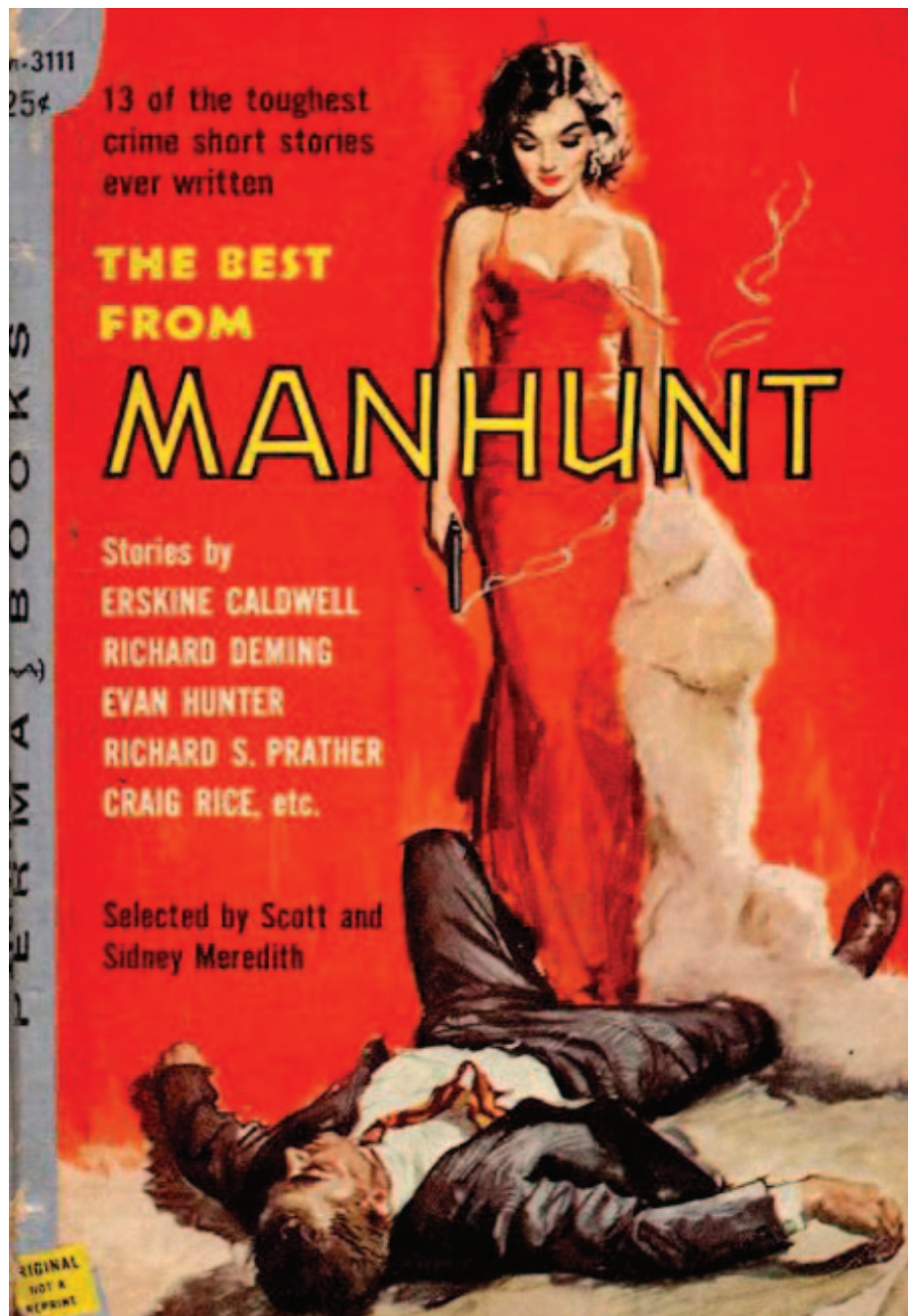
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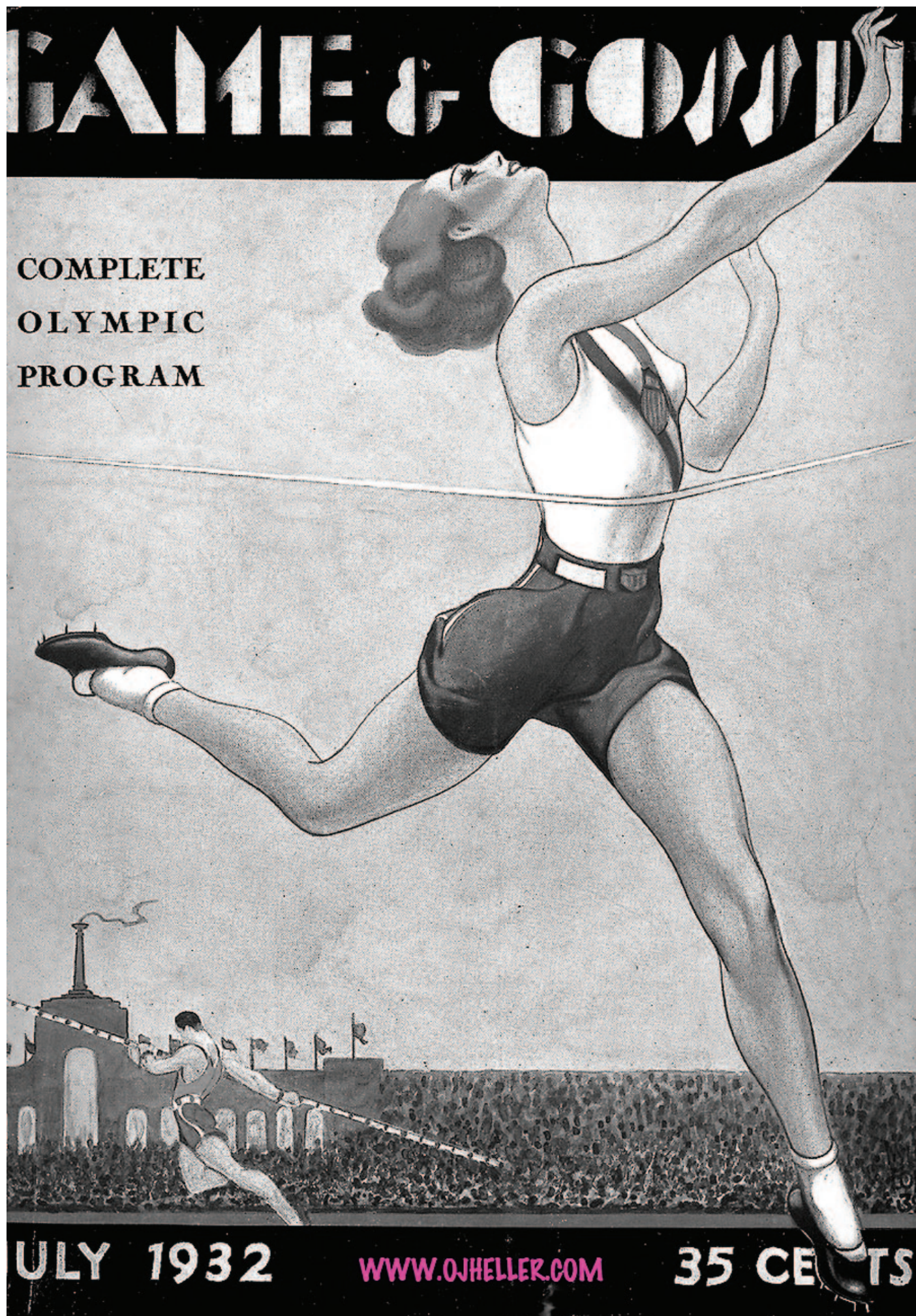
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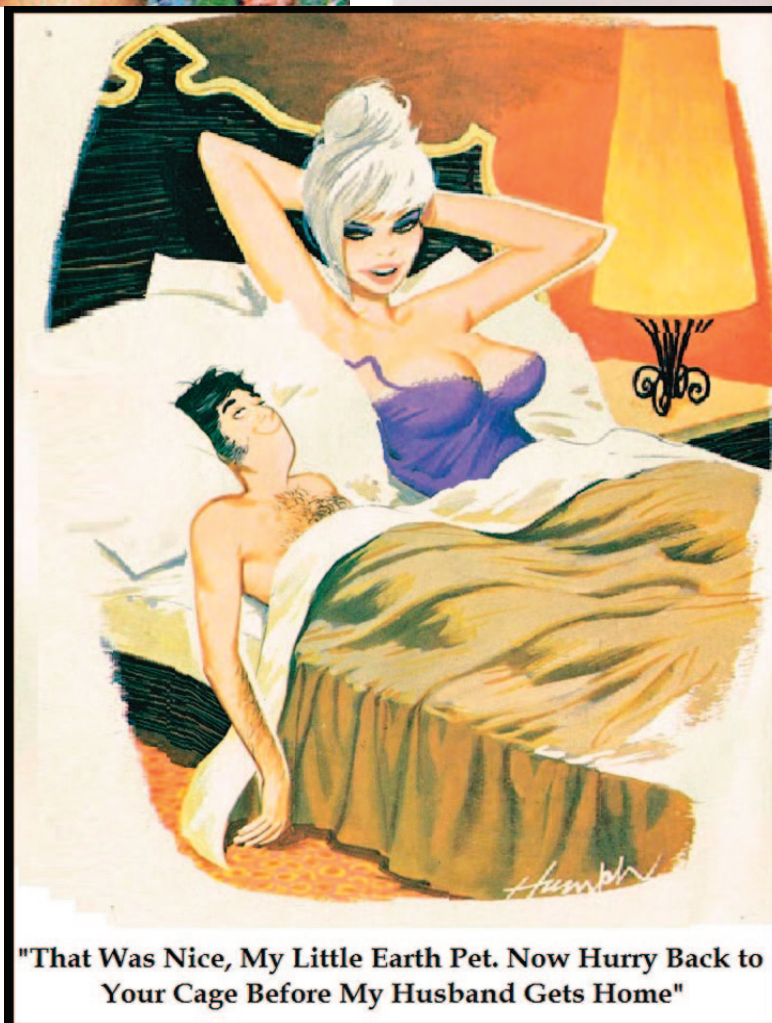
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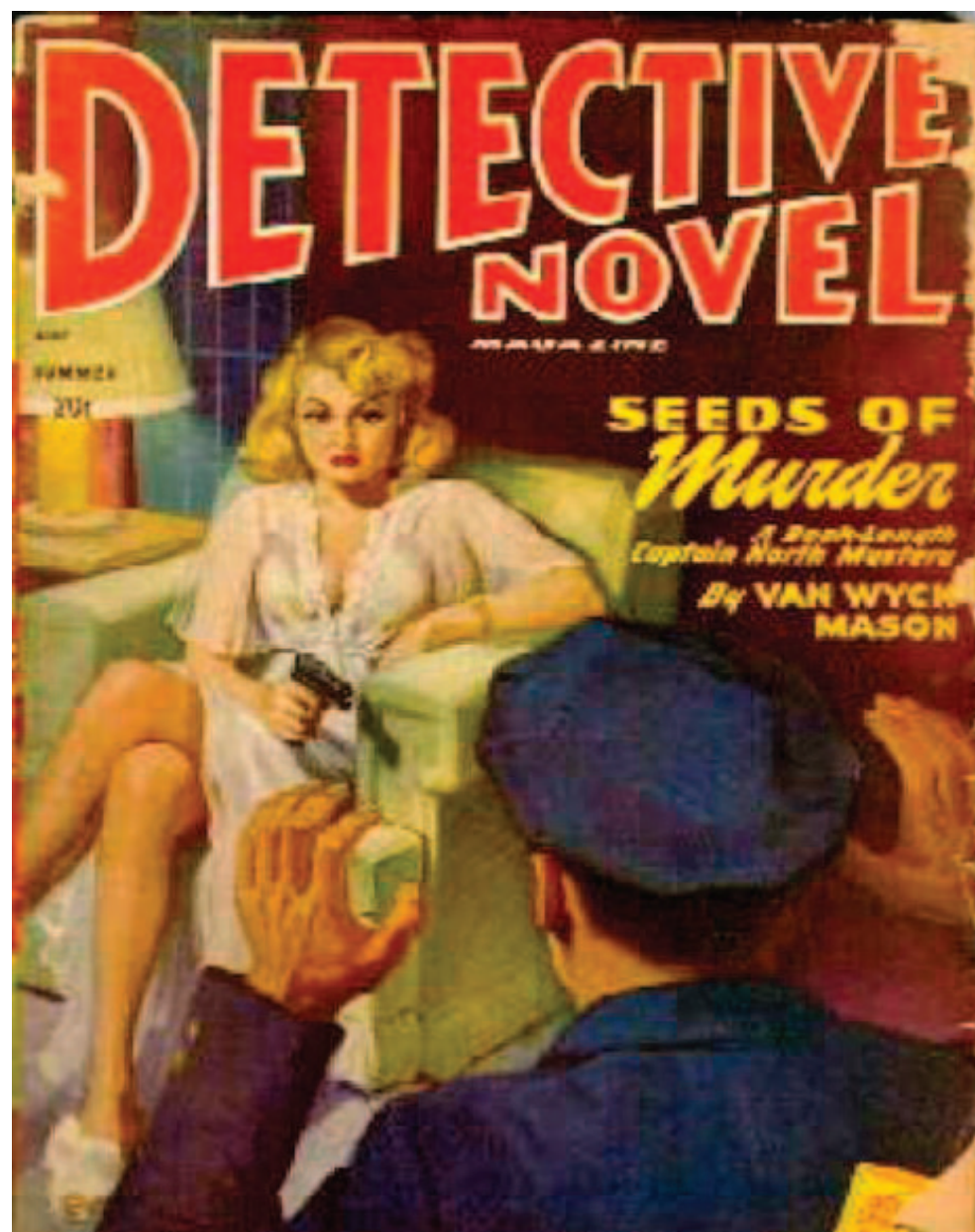
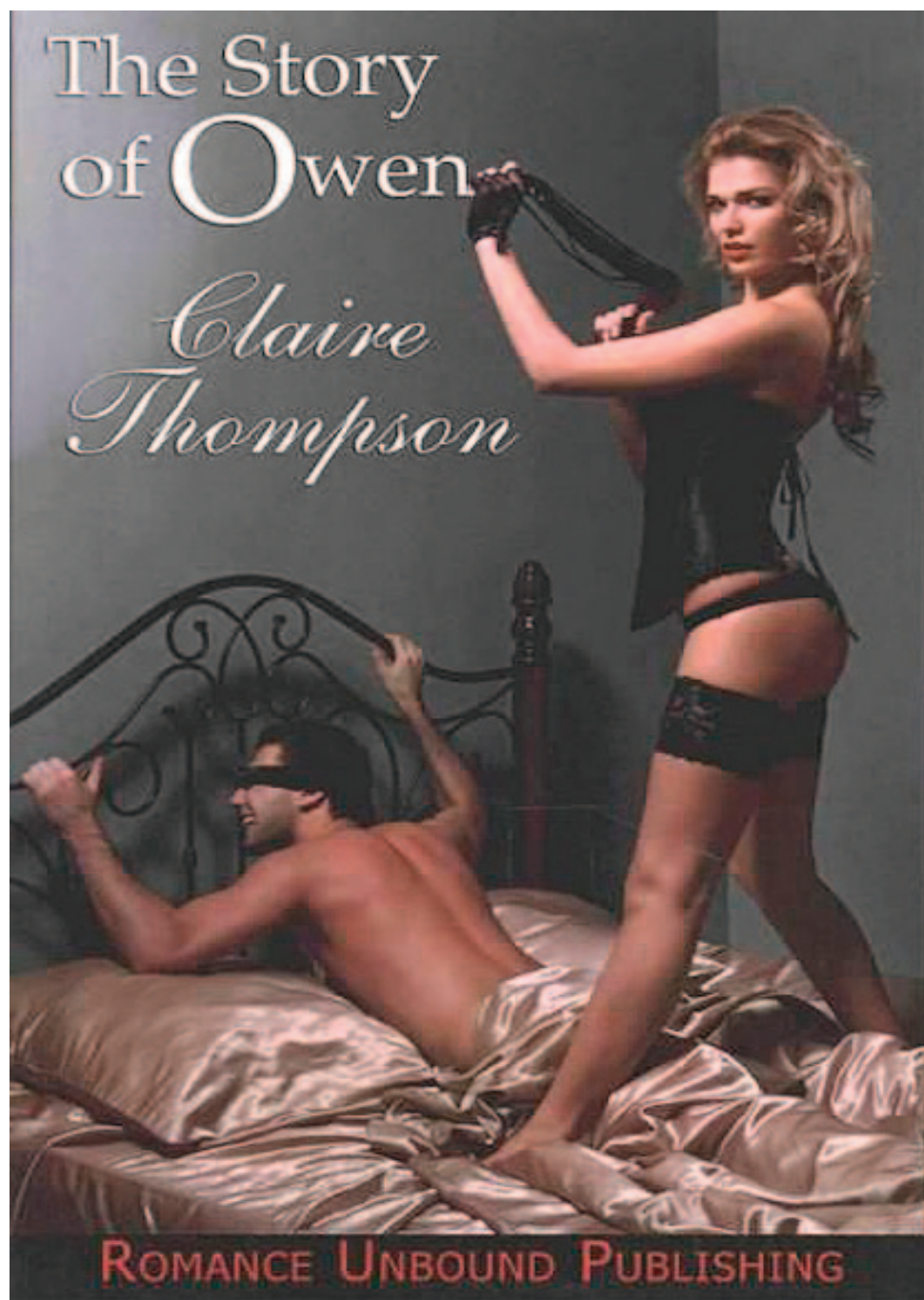


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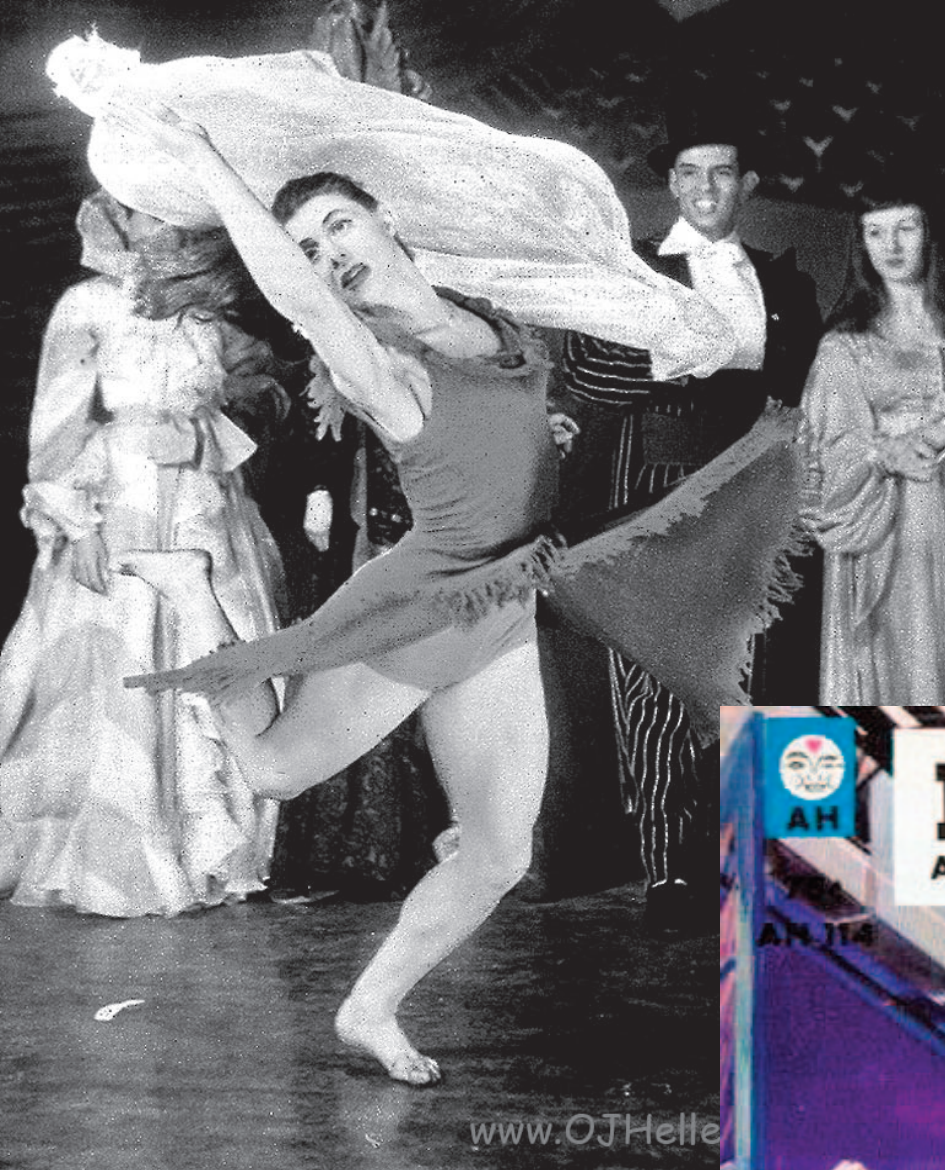
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This Will Put her in her place. Just imagine trying to pull a fast one on honest Antoine. By this time most of the customers seem to have fled, or maybe business is just bad



Little Lady submits to a routine spin. Initials on the walls are cut by customers who insist on bringing their own knives. The management very kindly supplies the forks



Antoine Forgets he's a gentleman. Apache etiquette permits this sort of thing, and in any case the clever young girl friend is cooking up a nice surprise for her big he-man



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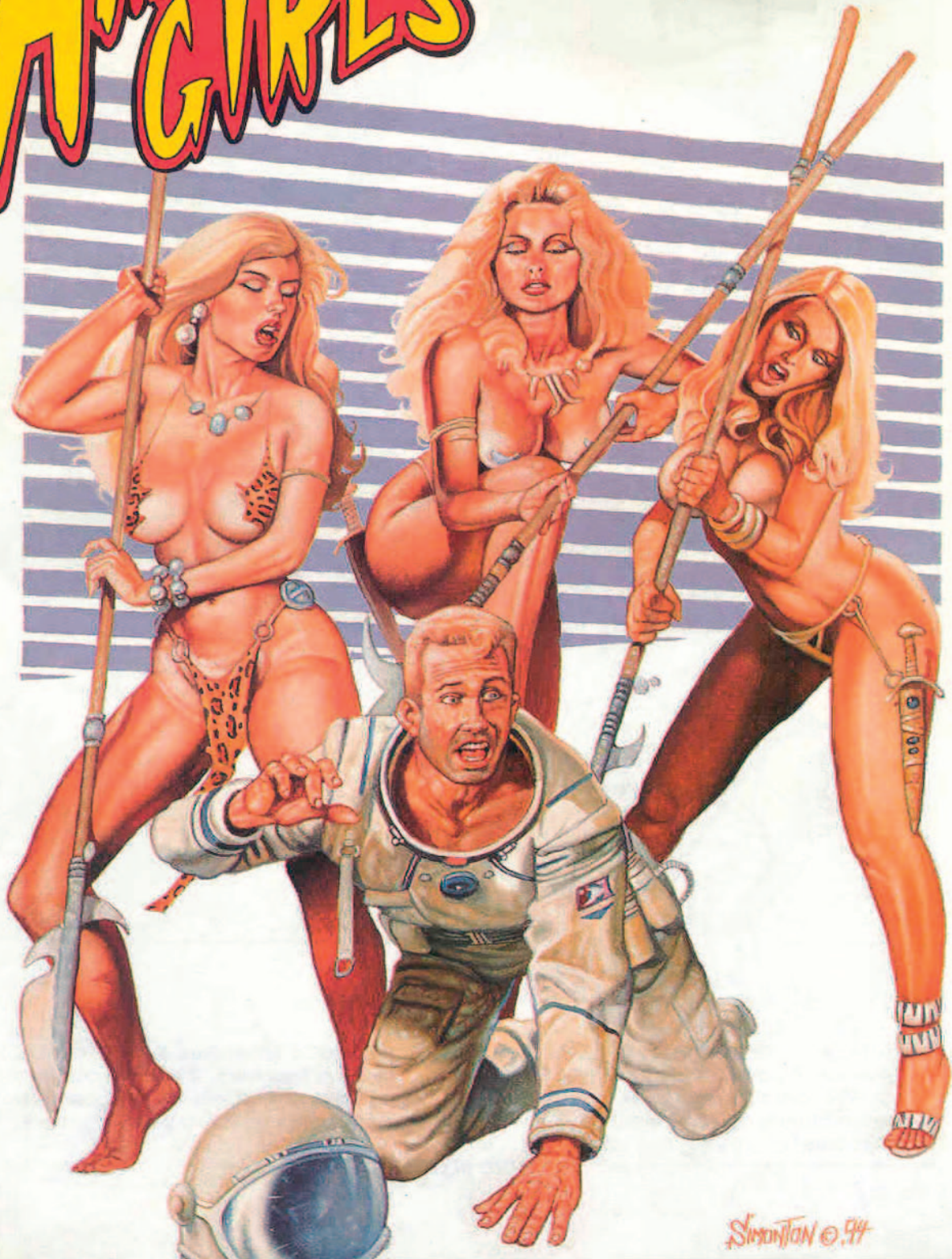




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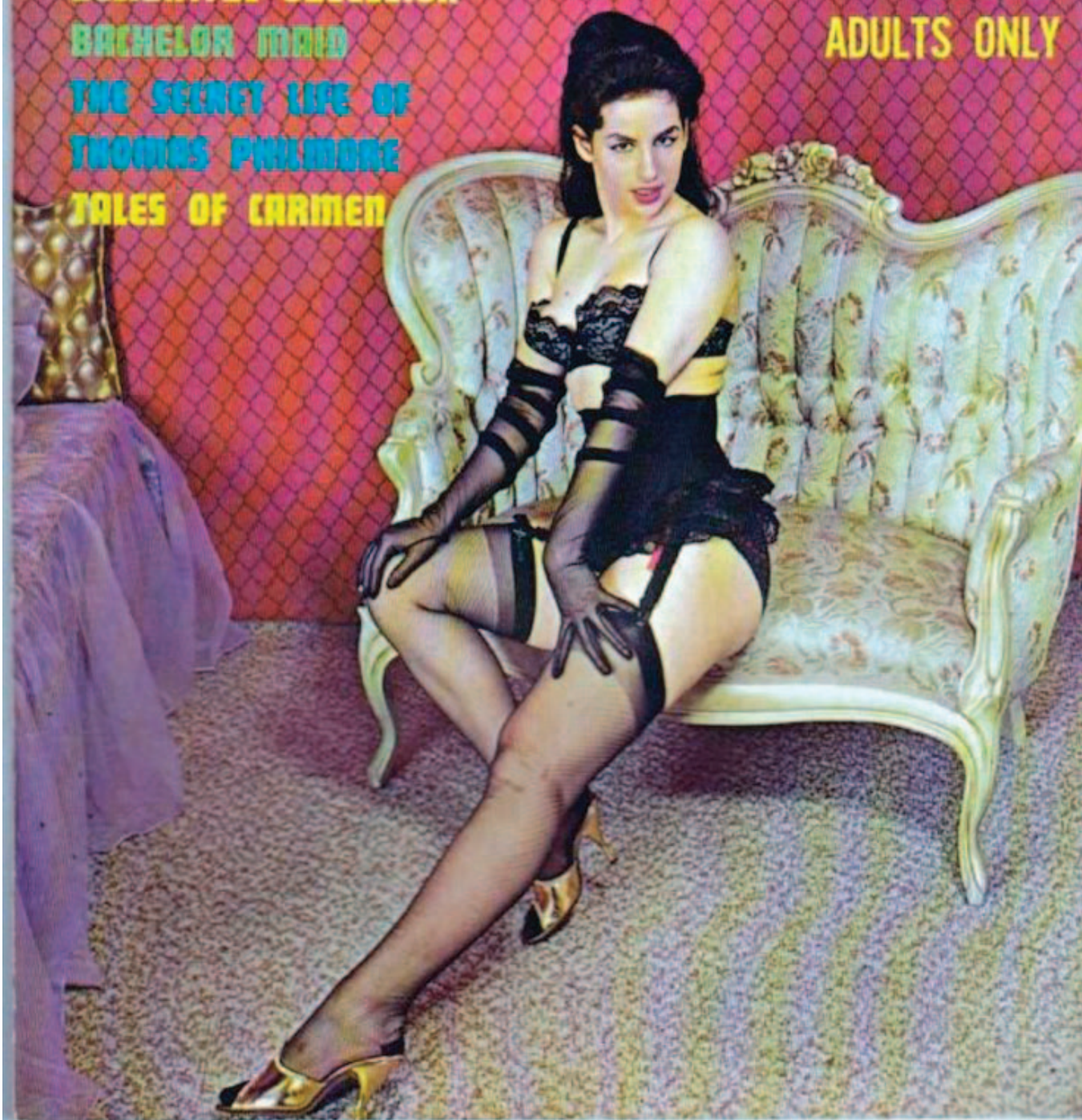
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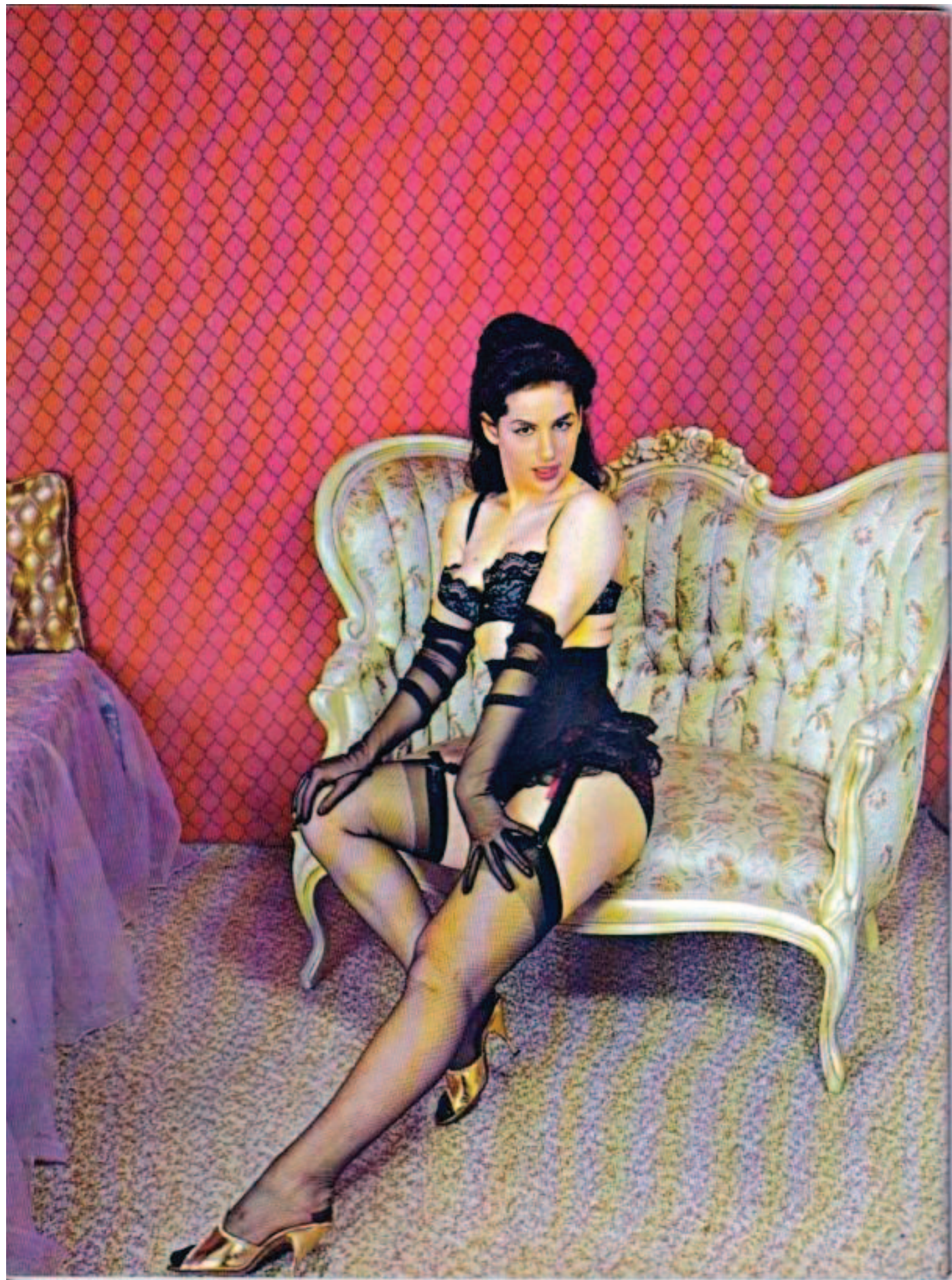
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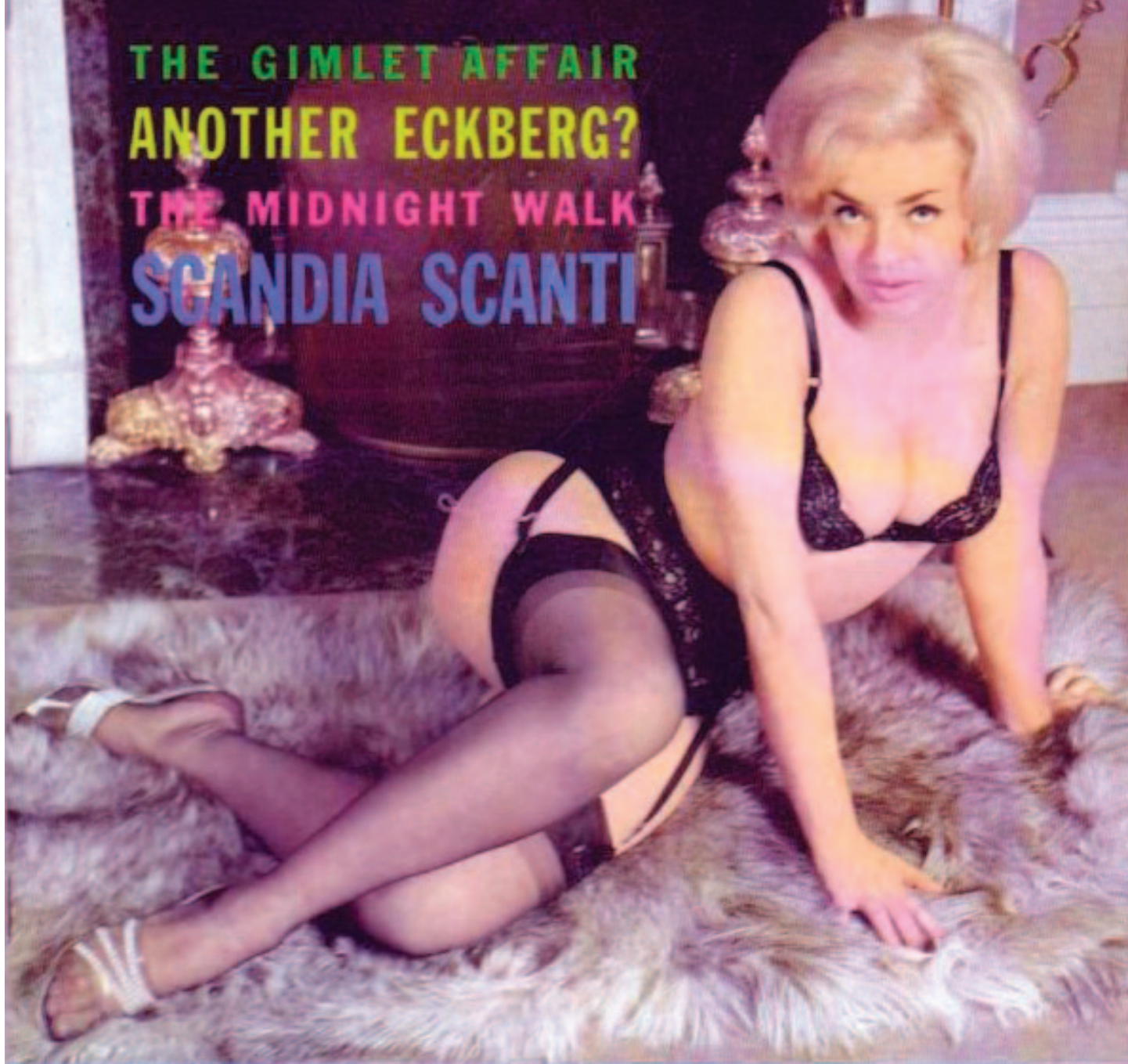
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BLACK SATIN

VOLUME 1 ISSUE 3

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THE GIMLET AFFAIR
ANOTHER ECKBERG?
THE MIDNIGHT WALK
SCANDIA SCANTI



THE MODEL & THE CAMERA MEN



BLACK SATIN

Vol. 1

Issue No. 3

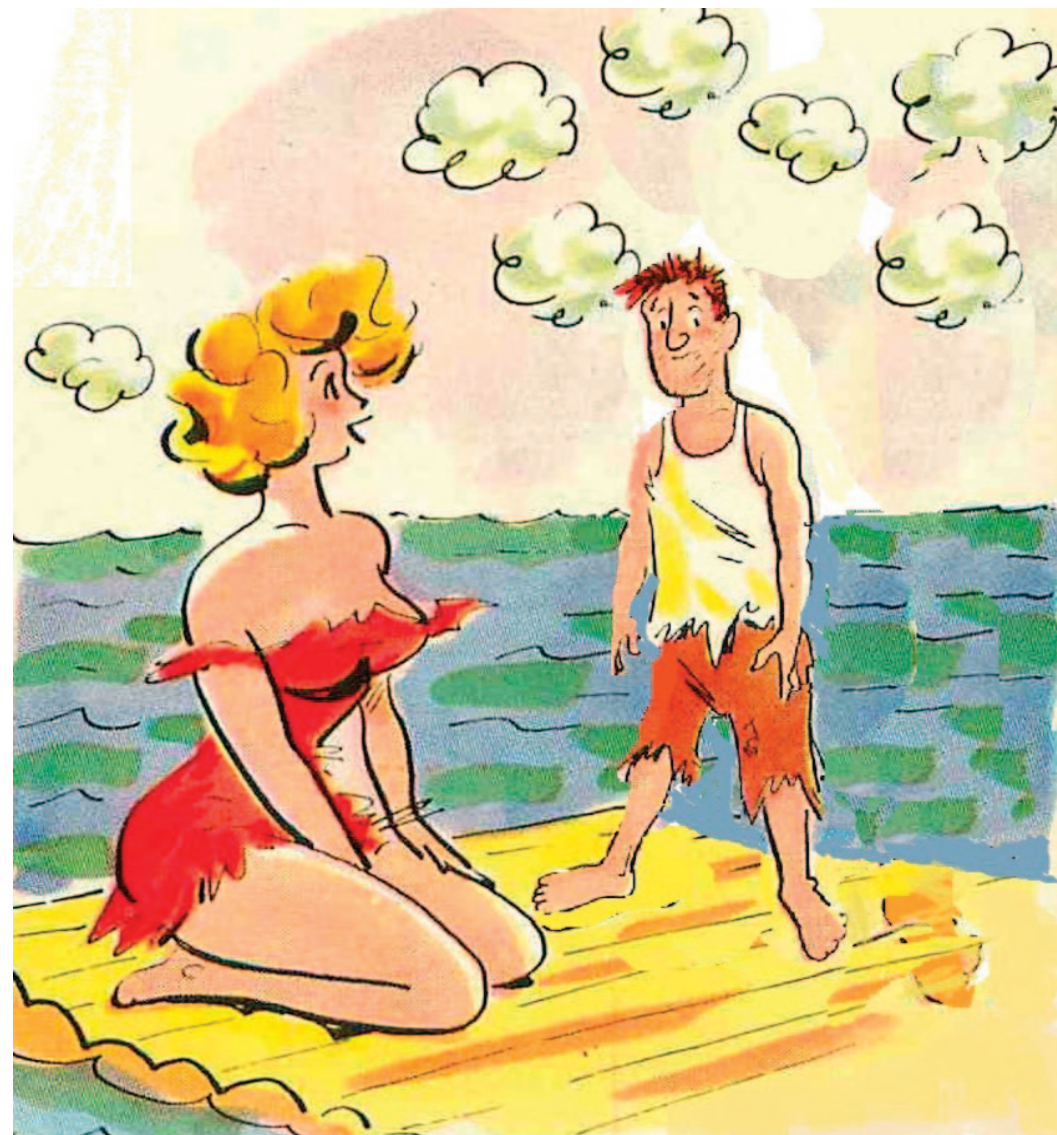


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"... and now, to hell with the park cops and the house dicks!"



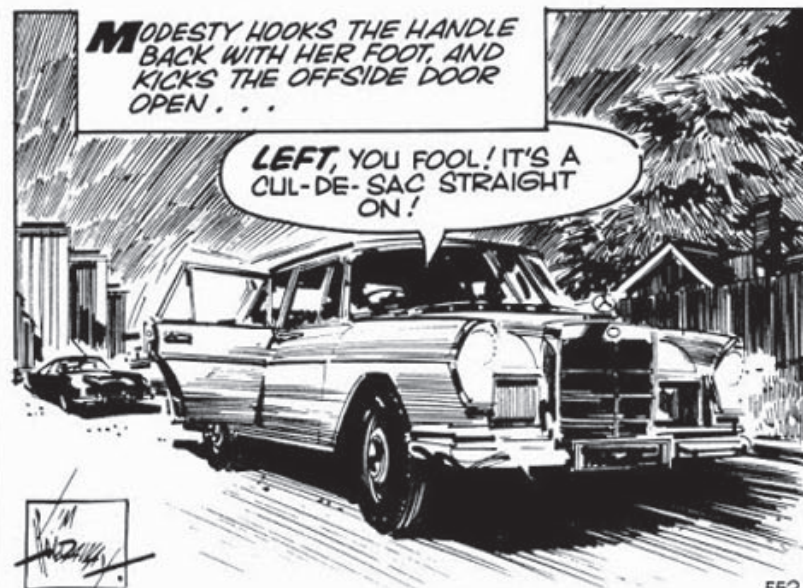
Don't worry, sweetie, I won't eat you

MODESTY BLAISE

IN THE CONFINES OF THE CAR, A SCRAMBLING STRUGGLE

by PETER O'DONNELL

KEEP DRIVING! THERE'S A CAR COMING UP FAST ON OUR TAIL!



552

DANIELLE

by John M. Burns & R. O'Neill



DAN M. BURNS

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL
drawn by ROMERO



6901

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL
drawn by ROMERO



6902

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL
drawn by ROMERO



6903

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



425

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



426



Jo Dennison enacts role of prehistoric woman. Since her fears couldn't be helped by psychiatrist, no wonder she looks terribly worried

Oh, brother, when a bunch of fighting furies got hooks into a predatory male, it was usually curtains for him and his muscular foray



When some babe of cave days tried to cut in on another's guy — oh, baby!

Hollywood Discovers Some Fighting Females More Savage Than the Amazons





CAVE

HOW TOUGH CAN

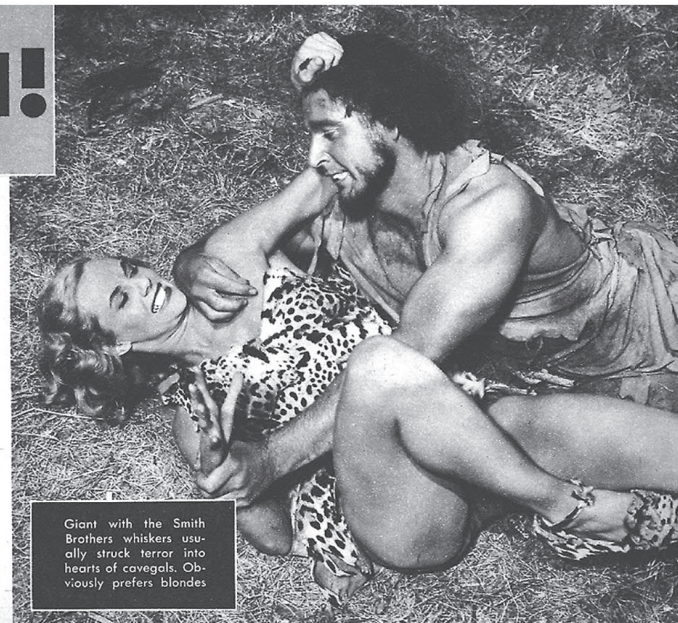
A BABE GET?

WHILE anthropologists still seek conclusive proof of the origin of man, no such concern is shown by the Hollywood movie makers who have it all figured out; to wit, why bother with the Neanderthal enigma when there were cave women who were much more interesting? The antics of these forerunners of the Amazons (and take it from us, Amazons were sissies compared to their sisters of 2,000 B.C.) are the subject of a pictorial fable, yclept "Prehistoric Women," Alliance Production's thrilling production of what went on in the days when women went out and killed their own fur coats, and bear skins were common.



WOMEN!

When the troglodytes, or cliff dwellers roamed the earth, very rugged days were always the lot of the luckless female who happened to be the object of affection of some guy carrying an oversized club. Those hairy boys with the brawny biceps merely conked their lady fairs over the noggin and, since no female thought of clipping her hair short, it was used as a means of transportation—and how the babes loved it. After all, they had three square meals a day, and no cooking to do since the kill was eaten raw. Each cave was air-conditioned and the only baffling problem was how long they could stay put with one guy. If some other cave man desired to possess his pal's wife, he merely layed his own club on his friend's cranium and as soon as a fracture set in, carried off his screaming booty. Further complicating matters (as in today) was that the cave women were jealous, and the Gable of the day was fought over as eagerly as if he had been a prize set up in the Circus Maximus. Wearing animal skins, these beauts of the Miocene era really dressed to kill!



Giant with the Smith Brothers whiskers usually struck terror into hearts of cavegals. Obviously prefers blondes





BATTLE OF THE FRENCH BAR MAIDS

It begins as a little argument between these two gals. At first, their dates brush off the battle as unimportant.

Paris night club "L'Amiral" presents something different in a show: two beautiful, angry girls.



Soon the whole club is watching and the argument moves away from the tables, onto club stage. During the hair-pulling and kicks, plenty of curves are shown—natch.



Two models illustrate the use of defense against intruders.

Here is our victim striving to get the upper hand.



Another good grip and an extra hard throw and she's gagged.



HYLDOFT



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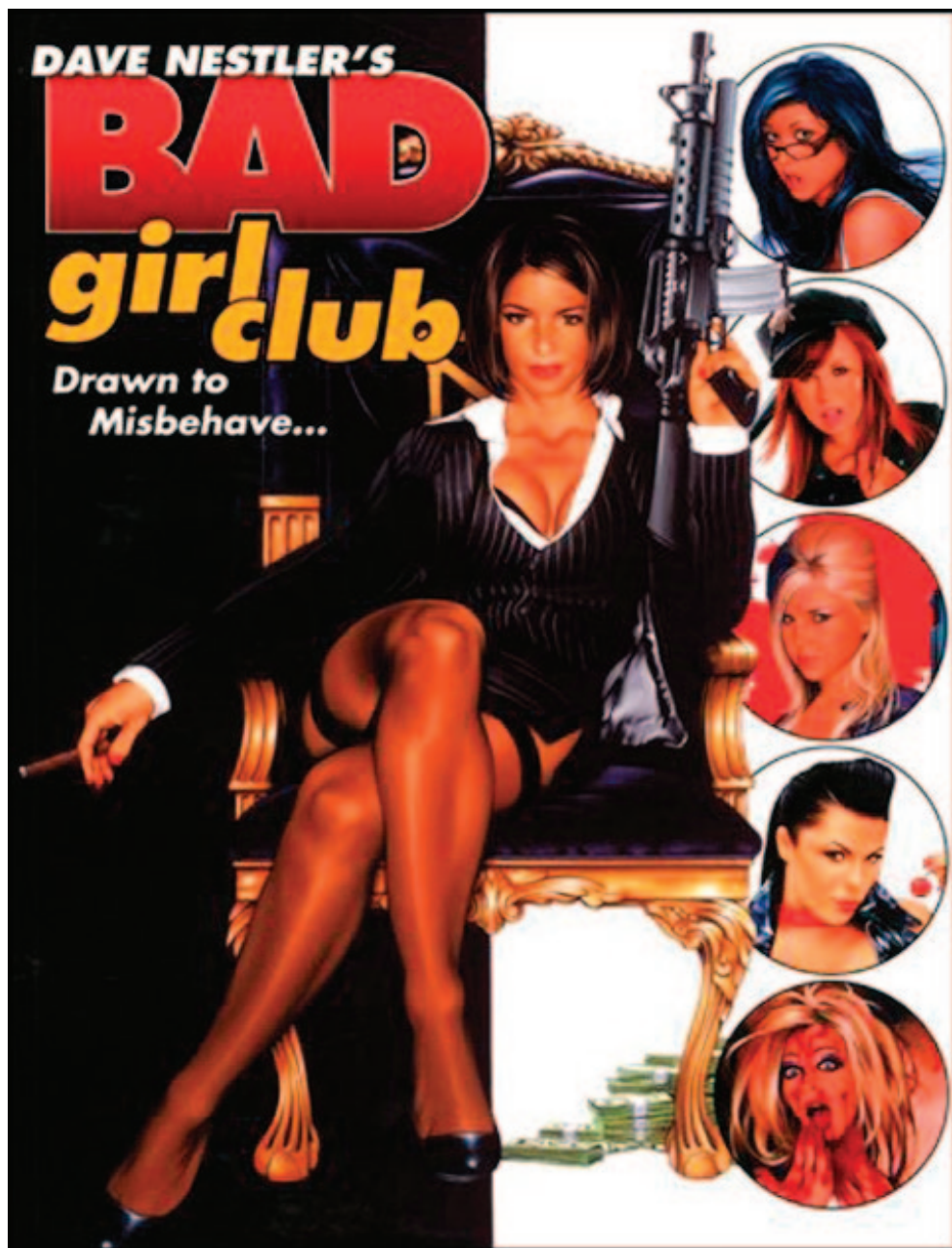
A stag jump always makes the stags take notice.



The revolving blonde is just 18 and this is her first Broadway show.









**"It's Nothing Serious, Little Henry Just
Can't Hold His Blueberry Juice"**



The Growing-up of EMMA PEEL



DIANA RIGG IN HER
ROLE AS EMMA PEEL

KING ABDULLAH HAD PREVENTED HIS DAUGHTER PRINCESS ASHA'S RUNAWAY MARRIAGE WITH HASSAN FARRAH, THE POTTER, AND WAS DETERMINED THAT SHE SHOULD MARRY THE HATEFUL SHEIK ABUL OF ABUL BABUL AS ARRANGED. BUT IN A BORROWED HELICOPTER, EMMA HAD REACHED SHEIK ABUL'S PALACE WHERE THE PLANS OF SOMETHING CALLED "OPERATION HAPPINESS" WERE KEPT. SHE BELIEVED THESE PLANS WOULD CONVINCE KING ABDULLAH THAT THERE WAS SOMETHING VERY ODD ABOUT SHEIK ABUL AND THAT HIS COUNTRY WAS PLANNING A WAR AGAINST THE KING'S

EMMA STARED AT THE BUNCH OF KEYS Jangling AT THE GUARD'S SIDE - AND TENSED FOR ACTION



THE ONLY DOOR THAT'S GUARDED IN THE WHOLE PALACE! SO THIS MUST BE WHERE THE PLANS OF "OPERATION HAPPINESS" ARE KEPT

SHE SPRANG!



THERE WAS A BRIEF, FIERCE STRUGGLE, IN WHICH EMMA'S EXPERT KNOWLEDGE OF WRESTLING STOOD HER IN GOOD STEAD



THANKS... PUFF... I'LL NEED THESE KEYS



CASAMBA! I WILL KEEEEEEL YOU!

THEN EMMA DARTED TOWARDS A NEARBY DOOR - AND DELIBERATELY LET THE MAN COME CHARGING TOWARDS HER



COME ON, THEN!

THIS TIME IT WAS A JUDD TRICK EMMA HAD LEARN'T!



AAAAGH!

I WAS HOPING YOU'D GO IN HERE!



YOU TRECK ME! YOU MAKE ME PRISONER!

SORRY, BUT I'VE GOT WORK TO DO, AND IT'S URGENT!



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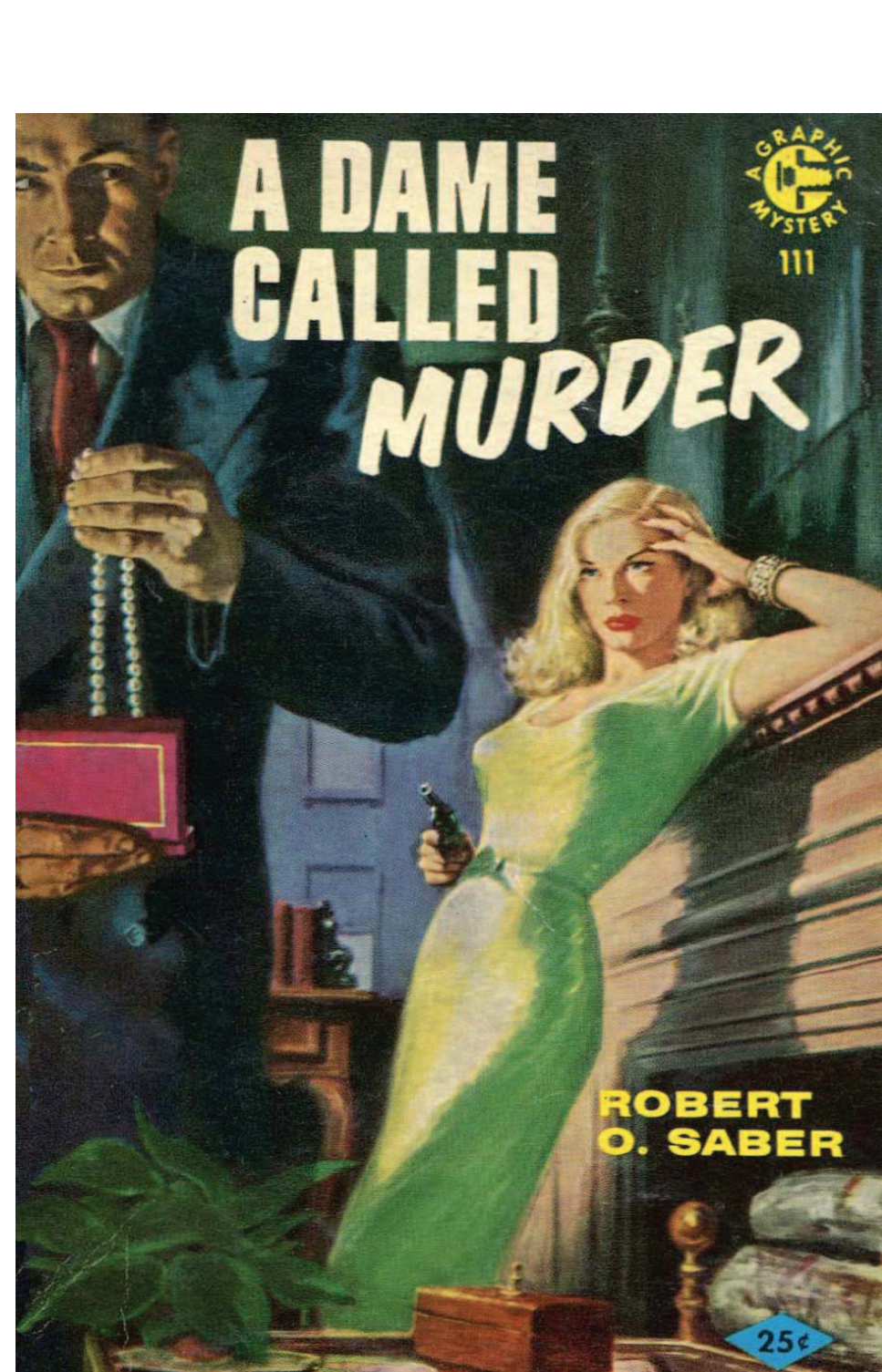
She Was Lovable, Kissable - - And Killable

332

*don't
ever
love
me*

OCTAVUS
ROY
COHEN





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MYSTERY
111

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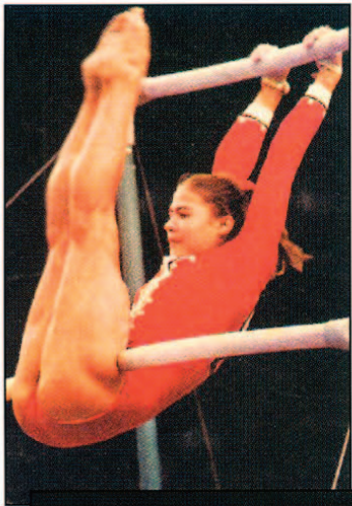
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WHAT'S
ONLY MONEY?

by

WILLY LEY



APRIL 1960







MEG MYLES in her M. Monroe 'disguise'





"No offense, Ms. Larsen, but i just can't keep up with you, would you mind giving me a piggyback ride for the rest of the way?"

STRONG GIRL

CHAINED, STRAPPED, STRAIT-JACKETED!

[HAD not a penny left when I reached London. It was lunch time and I went to Lincoln's Fields where the office workers go to eat their sandwiches and lie on the grass.

I watched them like a tall, hungry animal. I saw an elderly man pick the fat from his ham sandwich, throw it away, and then eat the crumple of paper like a cat watching at mousehole, until he moved and I could get it.

A girl removed the cheese from her sandwiches and threw it bread down on to the grass and her.

Just as I had reached out for one she turned and saw me. I can only imagine what I looked like. I was 14 years old, had slept out three nights in fields, was racked with hunger-pains, my long, air-hair all knotted and bedraggled. I had hidden the raincoat I robbed off the carroway, for it was so ghastly big for me that I couldn't wear it in the City streets, but only use it as a blanket at night. All I had on was an old tweed skirt, sandals, and a grey shirt that I'd bought for inexperience while I was with the travelling circus.

This girl saw me reaching for a sandwich and had thrown away. She stared and hesitated. "I'm not hungry," she said, quietly, "would I like one of my sandwiches?"

"Yes, I asked to accept one of your sandwiches. But I shrank with eyes blazing. 'Keep your filthy sandwiches,' I said. 'don't need your charity.'"

Watched Act

SHE moved away in embarrassment, and when she had gone I picked up the discarded bread from the grass and ate it. And from that day I have always known a hurt animal feels when it is at a friendly hand.

I spent the night, wrapped in torn raincoat, under Gatti's tree, in Villiers-street, and got disturbed me.

Next day I drank and washed the fountain and wandered the Irving Statue—where Sir Irving left a piece of mud consecrated to "vagabonds and strolling players." "Nobody, I see, has recently up a garden on it!" I shed a greying-haired man in a "strong" act. He was dining steel nails and also dining steel bars by smacking x across his forearm.

A Challenge

I MUST have stood there staring at him until he finally looked me from the crowd. He gave me a friendly smile and I out one of his nails. "Could you like to try?"

I took it and bent it grimly between my fingers. Just as I had done. The onlookers laughed and I could see he was surprised I hurried away, pushing with embarrassment, and at myself for having lined his act.

At I knew how I was going to turn my supper, at last. I went into an ironmonger's shop and told him: "My dad sent



Joan doing an act—at 14

me for some long steel nails. May I take two or three to see if they're the right length?"

Six-inch steel nails are only about a shilling a pound. The shopkeeper gave me half a dozen, and a queer glance.

I went back to Villiers-street, by the Players' Theatre, and took a telephone book from a kiosk.

I did not know then that a phone book from a public call-box is specially strengthened with metal staples. "I'm going to rip this phone book in half," I shouted, "and bend these nails with my fingers. I am the strongest girl in the world."

A crowd gathered reluctantly. I laid down a piece of brown paper for pennies to be thrown on. A red-faced man came un-

steadily out of a pub and joined the thin crowd round me. It was a nightmarish feeling to be ringed around by strangers like that, all staring and waiting.

I bent one or two nails and a few indulgent pennies fell on to the brown paper. "Fear the phone book," said the red-faced man. I went on trying to collect an extra penny or two.

"Rip that plinkin' phone book," said the red-faced man. "It's false pretences, that's what it is. Against the parish-law."

I grasped the phone book and tugged at it. Nothing happened. "You see!" said the man. "She's a perishing liar. And a cheat. Somebody call the Law. Let's have a policeman."

THEN I FELT A STIR OF EXCITEMENT IN THE CROWD AND SOMEBODY SAID LOUDLY: "STREWTH!" AND I LOOKED DOWN AT MY HANDS. THEY WERE RIPPING WITH BLOOD, WHERE THE STAPLES IN THE TELEPHONE BOOK HAD SHREDDED MY FINGERS. BUT THE BOOK WAS IN TWO DISTINCT HALVES, RIPPED ACROSS THE MIDDLE. A FEW MORE COINS RATTLED DOWN.

The total was 7s. 4d. And

that was my first show as a "Strong Girl." My hands were sore and swollen, but I told myself they didn't hurt, and so, of course, they didn't.

One day I wandered along to the Irving statue and watched the white-haired Scotsman bending his steel bars by whacking them on his muscular forearm.

He recognised me and smiled. He was only sturdy and hard-limbed. He asked me if I would like to "bottle" for him, that is to go round with the hat, collecting. Afterwards he bought me a cup of tea and a hot meal, and I told him I had run away from home.

His name was Jock MacKenzie. I had collected 11s. for him, and he gave me some. "Was it just luck you kept that nail the other day?" he demanded. So I showed him I could bend nails and he was very excited and impressed.

"I don't know how you do it," he said, "but you're going to be very noticeable doing a 'strong-girl' act on the pavement you up."

He sat and thought for a while then had an idea that sounded wonderful. "Why not dress as a boy?" he said, "and come as my assistant?" He took me to a little cellar barber-shop and gave the man a shilling to crop all my hair short, like a boy's.



Joan, even as a youngster, could tear a telephone book in half.

Strangely, I didn't mind. When it was done I felt light-headed and unreal. He gave me a pair of his trousers that I gathered round my waist with a thick leather belt, and a blue seaman's jersey. And there I was—a boy!

We went to Croydon and did a "pick" together. I was supposed to be a young Swede who spoke no English. We had to do this because my voice is very feminine, and nothing would disguise that.

We Take £24

BUT that same day we realised our mistake. There was something about me, disguised as a boy, that made all the young roughs want to fight me. And where was I to sleep that night? I couldn't even go into a public bath-house or toilet. "Well, you'll just have to be a strong-girl with cropped hair," Jock said. So I changed back thankfully into my skirt and we went down to Hampstead Heath for August Bank Holiday of 1939.

That was the first day I ever used lipstick. Old Jock bought it for me. He did one "strong act" show and then I did one—we took alternate shows, and did 24 complete performances each, during which I tore 24 telephone-books and bent nearly 200 six-inch nails.

Our total takings were exactly £24—a biscuit tin filled with coppers. Jock and I were so weary that we were staggering, and just outside

Joan Rhodes

the famous 'Strong Girl' who had to leave a circus job because she was only 14, here tells of the most desperate struggle she's ever had in her life.

SD 24 JUL 55

in a thick sack, so dusty that I could scarcely breathe.

The two sailors tugged at the chains that made a package of me, using their feet for extra leverage. It is easy to say: "Just tighten your muscles." But against the combined strength of two husky sailors, and the bite of the metal chains, it almost defeated me.

I lay there while Ginger Johnny stalked up and down, cracking a whip deafeningly and blagging, as it is called, for "just another five bob, ladies and gents."

I was nearly unconscious with suffocation when he came over, stirred me with his boot, and said tersely: "Ge' rar' of it!"

Modelling Job

IT was the most exhausting and desperate struggle I'd ever had in my life. "Never again," I told Ginger Johnny when that long day was over. My arms were black with bruises.

He laughed. "Well, here's your two quid," he said cheerfully. "You'll be back."

I was—within two days. Working "escape artist" with Ginger Johnny was big money to me.

And I think it was about this time that I began to think of myself as a performer and not a street walf. It was probably old

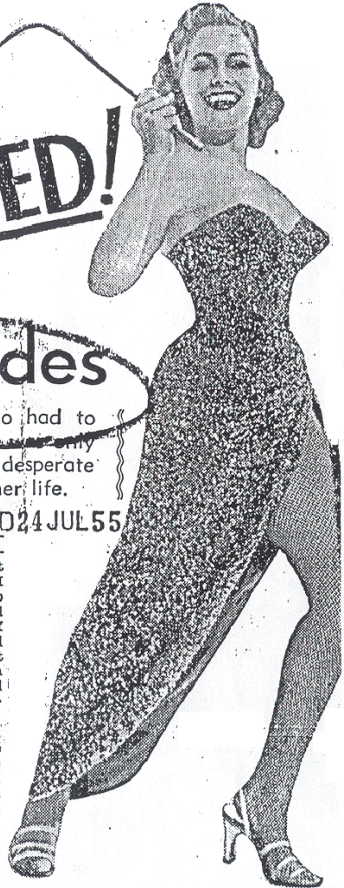
Jock MacKenzie's lipstick stick that started it. I began to comb my hair and use a touch of make-up, and even bought some nylon stockings and dainty underwear.

One night, in a café called The Coffee Ann, I learnt that artists' models could earn 13s. a day at the Central School of Art by merely sitting still.

I felt I needed the rest and was at St. Martin's next day. "Go behind that screen and take off all your clothes and stand on the stage," I was told. I did so, and found myself surrounded by two or three dozen art students, with easels or modelling benches.

One of them was a young man called Lucien Freud, who winked mischievously and flicked a blob of modelling clay at me. He told me years later: "It was the first time I'd ever seen a model blush all over!"

Next Week
* WORK AS A MODEL...
* THEN TO MADRID AS A
* DANCER. THE FAMOUS BULI
* FIGHTER WHO WROTE
* LOVE POEMS FOR ME.



been tearing mammoth telephone books in half since her pre-teen days.

From the photos on these pages, it's obvious that Joanie not only *is* colossal, she also *looks* it. She keeps her figure trimmed to 37-22-36 with her daily workouts, and she cashes in on the results by posing for England's top painters.

Lately, Joan has turned to teaching judo to men. And the guys are just flipping all over. No wonder all Rhodes now lead to London.

Lately, Joan has turned her talents to teaching judo to male students. She gives GLANCE's photographer demonstration (*right*). Her main source of income is from modeling.



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THE SLAM SISTERS









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AGENT X9

NR. 7 - 1977 - UKE 42
KR. 8,50 inkl. moms



**100 SIDER
SPENNENDE
LESNING!**



**Norges
beste agent-
serier**

FARLIG SELSKAP

Modesty skal være barnevakt for en ung pike ... men
det viser seg å bli en livsfarlig jobb ...

bc 183 07

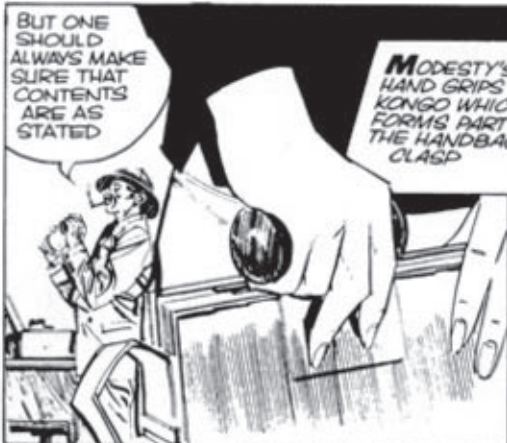
MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



AH... ALL SEEMS TO BE IN CORRECT ORDER

BUT ONE SHOULD ALWAYS MAKE SURE THAT CONTENTS ARE AS STATED



MODESTY'S HAND GRIPS THE KONGO WHICH FORMS PART OF THE HANDBAG CLASP



MISS BLAISE... THIS IS NOT HEROIN!

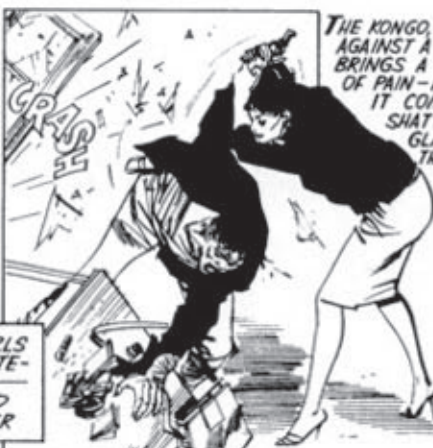
MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



GET HER!

MODESTY HURLS THE CIGARETTE-PACKET—HALF-FILLED WITH PEPPER



THE KONGO, GRIPPED AGAINST A NERVE, BRINGS A SCREAM OF PAIN—AND WITH IT COMES THE SHATTERING OF GLASS FROM THE WINDOW



RIGHT WITH YOU, PRINCESS

WILLIE GARVIN—IN THE UNIFORM OF A U.S. ARMY SERGEANT

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



'OW DO YOU WANT 'EM, PRINCESS—QUICK OR DEAD?

432



AS IT COMES, WILLIE



UHH!

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



IS THERE ANYONE ELSE IN THE HOUSE?

N-NO—ONLY THE BOY, WENG...



CHECK THAT, WILLIE—I'LL GET THESE THREE TIED UP



JUST THE TWO OF 'EM, PRINCESS—WE'VE SAVED LABOUR ON THIS ONE

SPECIALALBUM 2017

Pris 89:- (inkl. moms)

AGENT X9



**JOHNNY
HAZARD**

**50 ÅR
I SVERIGE**

ÅH, DET DÄR
ÄR JU LÖJLIGT,
MATT — OCH
ORÄTTVIST!

DU
HÄR

VAR
ROEN
AV DEJ!

JÄ...DET ÄR MODESTY
BLAISE! JAG MÅSTE
GENAST RINGA
TILL CHARON!

No. 525

\$8.00

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\$1.25**

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LA REPUBLICA MEXICANA

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CASO DE LA VIDA
REAL
CASO DE LA VIDA

**¡VIEJO
MANCHADO,
ACABO
MACHETEADO!**

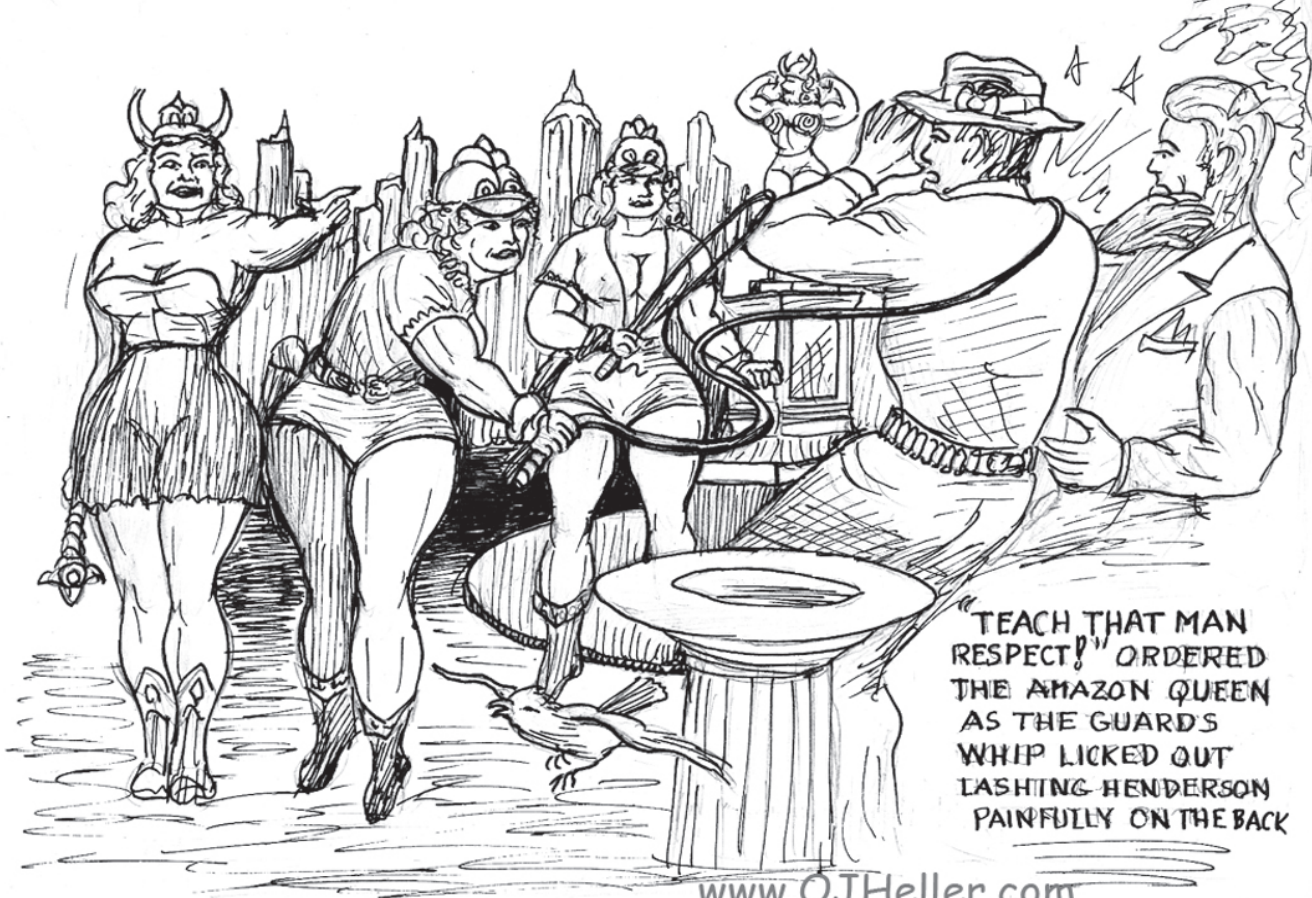






Bjorkland

"Well boy... talk about taking a long shower!"

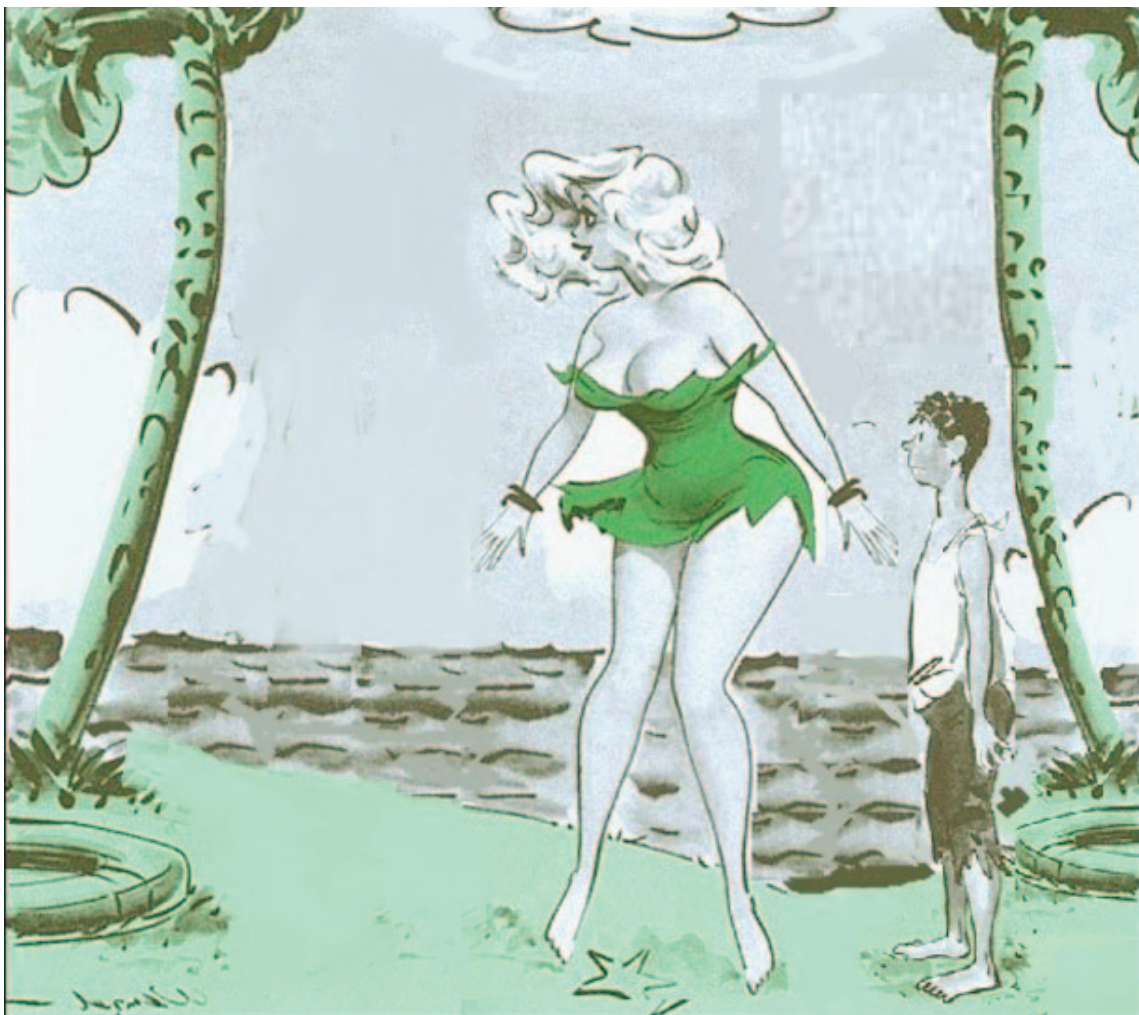


www.OJHeller.com



Queen of the Circus

Kitty Clark, the 6-foot Elkhardt, Ind. beauty who made good in the Ringling Bros., Barnum & Bailey Circus, poses atop Ruth, one of the show's 60 elephants, as clown Paul Jerome admires the view. Kitty, a former drum majorette, is an accomplished equestrienne, chariot driver and elephant trainer.



This "Man" creature claims to be 20, Mom, but i'm pretty sure he's lying, he's even shorter than me!

OUCH!

JULY '54
June Stewart—at 18—boasts
special talents and
lofty ambitions





PERIL FROM ANOTHER PLANET!



as Earth's
mightiest
warrior
battles
Alien
Monsters!

MEET

the wicked
QUEEN
who enslaves
her people
to **EVIL**
FROM
OUTER
SPACE!

THRILL

as the mighty **RED** faces ONE
DEATH TRAP AFTER ANOTHER!

GASP

at the **HORROR**
of **LIVING STONE**
CREATURES!

RED THE PALADIN AGAINST THE **QUEEN OF THE STAR MONSTERS**

starring **ALEESHA**
ARMSTRONG as
"RED"

HITOMI
TANAKA as
"KEIKO"

a DCM STUDIOS ONLINE production
IN **SUPERSCOPE**



The
RING

WRESTLING

DECEMBER 1963

P.D.C.

50 Cents

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL MAT FANS

"WEAKER SEX ?

NOT IN

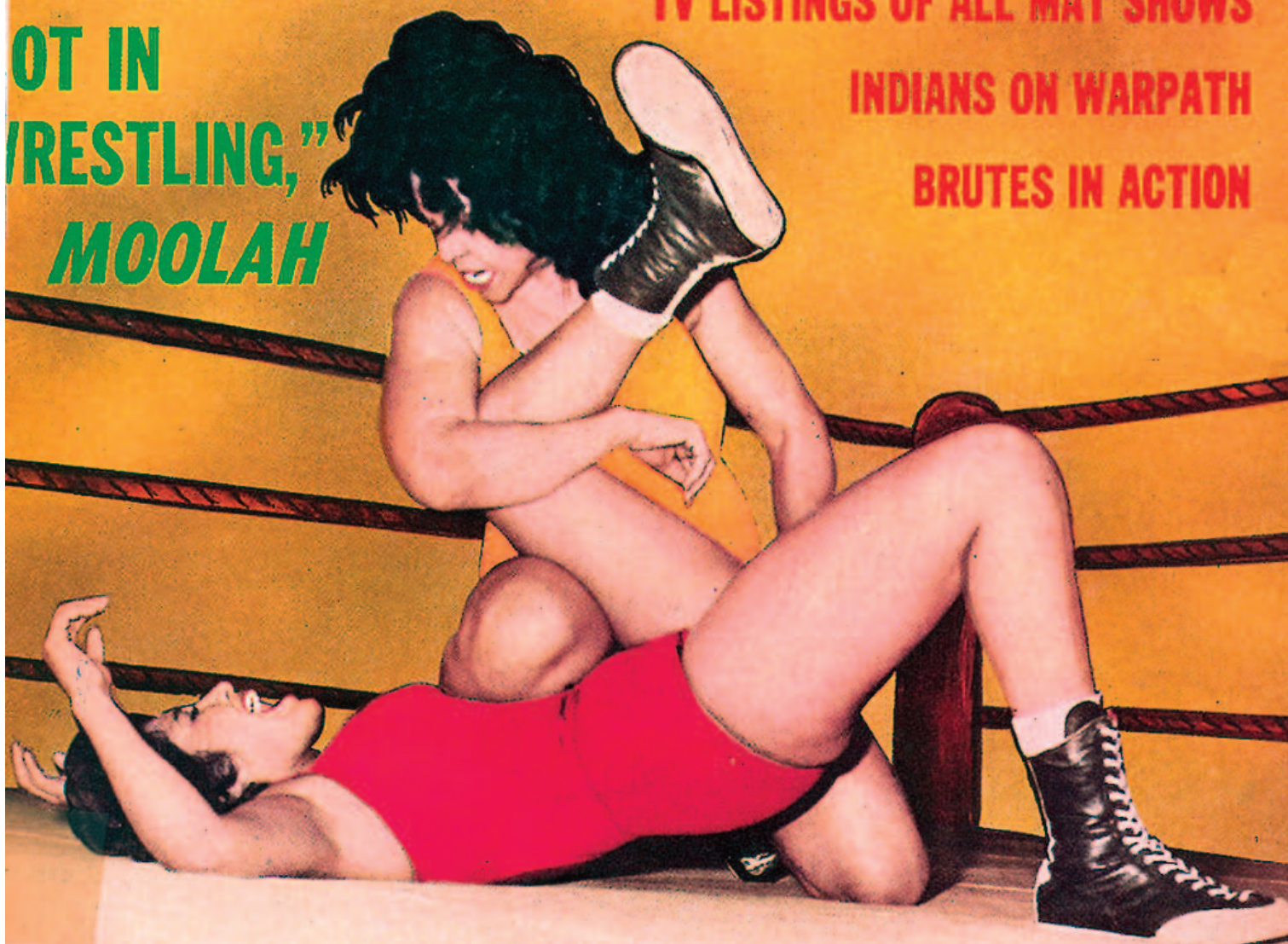
WRESTLING,"

MOOLAH

TV LISTINGS OF ALL MAT SHOWS

INDIANS ON WARPATH

BRUTES IN ACTION



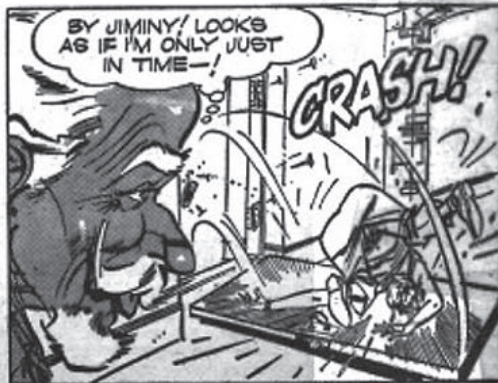
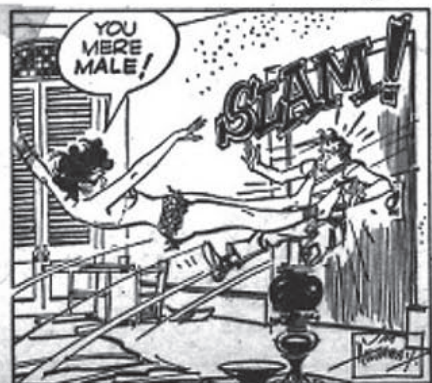
BEAUTY CONTEST BEGINS—

"RITA RIO"
THE
Winner!





With the courage born of desperation, Romeo dashes in upon Mina...





I SWORE THAT I WOULD NEVER AGAIN BE DOMINATED BY MEN, AND DECIDED TO TAKE MY REVENGE FOR ALL THE TIMES I HAD BEEN MISTREATED AND HUMILIATED IN THE PAST AS A MEMBER OF THE 'WEAKER SEX'!



I WORKED OUT HARD AND CHANGED MYSELF INTO A MASTERPIECE OF MUSCLE. AND THEN I STARTED TO TAKE MY REVENGE...



IF YOU DO NOT KISS ME, I WILL FORCE YOU TO! I AM A SOCCER STAR AND NO ONE DENIES ME ANYTHING ... ESPECIALLY WOMEN!

CONCITED FAT-HEAD! STUPID MEN LIKE THIS DISGUST ME! I WILL ENJOY BEATING HIM BLOODY!

WOMEN OF THE WORLD: FACEDOWN & DEFEATED I HAVE LEFT THIS STUPID MAN FOR YOU, AND HE IS NOT THE LAST ONE I WILL MAKE SUFFER FOR THE HISTORY OF HUMILIATION THEY HAVE VISITED ON US WOMEN! FROM NOW ON, I WILL RULE THE MEN IN MY LIFE!



OUCH! OH... WHO DROPPED THE STATUE ON MY HEAD??

NOW IT WILL BE THESE STUPID MEN WHO I WILL KEEP FACE DOWN AND HELPLESS. AND BLOODY IF NEED BE!

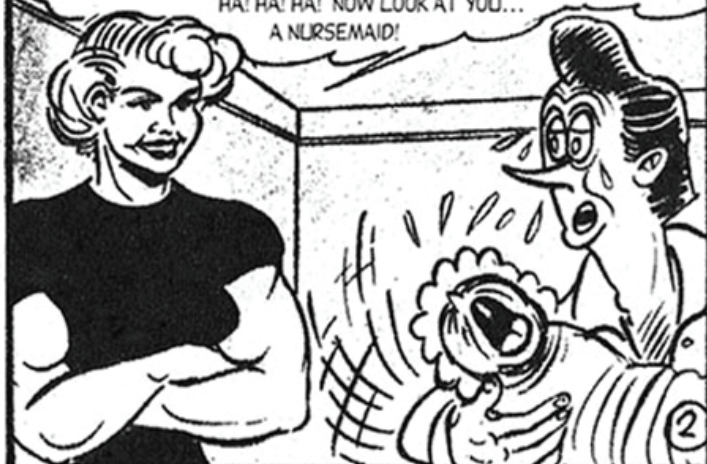
...AND TO FURTHER ENJOY MY VENDETTA OVER MEN, I MARRIED THE TYPE OF MAN WHO BOASTED ABOUT KEEPING HIS WOMEN DOWN. A NEIGHBORHOOD LOTHARIO (STUD)...



AND ON HIM, I REALLY LET LOOSE MY HATRED FOR ALL MEN...

WHAT A LAUGH! TO THINK YOU WERE ONCE THE STUD WHO KEPT ALL THE GIRLS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD IN HEAT!?

HA! HA! HA! NOW LOOK AT YOU... A NURSEMAID!



2

THE NEXT WEEK, PEREZ READ THE PAPER'S INTERVIEW WITH HIS WIFE

ALL THIS HATRED AND MALICIOUSNESS IN HER HEART...
I NEVER REALIZED SHE WAS SO... EVIL... THIS HAS GOT TO STOP!



TAKE FOUR OF THESE PILLS, AND IN FIVE MINUTES YOU WILL BE LIKE ME!
ONLY LAST ONE DAY, NO MORE. THERE IS A DANGER THE EFFECT
IF YOU STOP TAKING THEM. YOU WILL SUFFER A FEARFUL
ANEMIA/WEAKNESS, BUT THERE IS SOMEONE HERE
WHO CAN HELP YOU...



THIS 'WISE' MAN IS IN MY SERVICE AND PROVIDES ME WITH WHAT
I NEED TO CONTINUE BEING BIG AND STRONG! HE WILL BE HERE
TO KEEP YOU FROM REVERSING BACK TO WHAT YOU ARE NOW.

I UNDERSTAND!



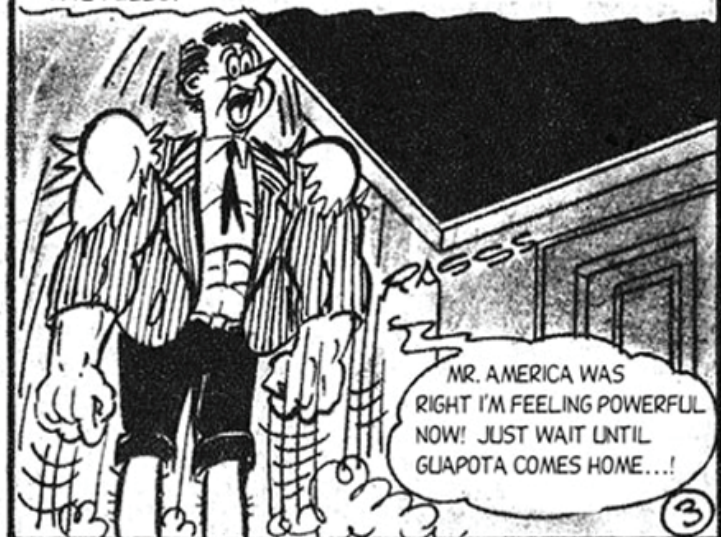
PEREZ DID NOT WANT TO REMAIN A BEATEN COWARD AND SWORE TO GET
EVEN. HE WENT TO SEE MR. AMERICA THE BEST BUILT MAN IN
THE WORLD...



YOU MUST HELP ME TO DEFEAT
MY WIFE. WHAT IS THE SECRET
FOR BEING SO STRONG AND
MUSCULAR? I NEED SOME-
THING FAST!

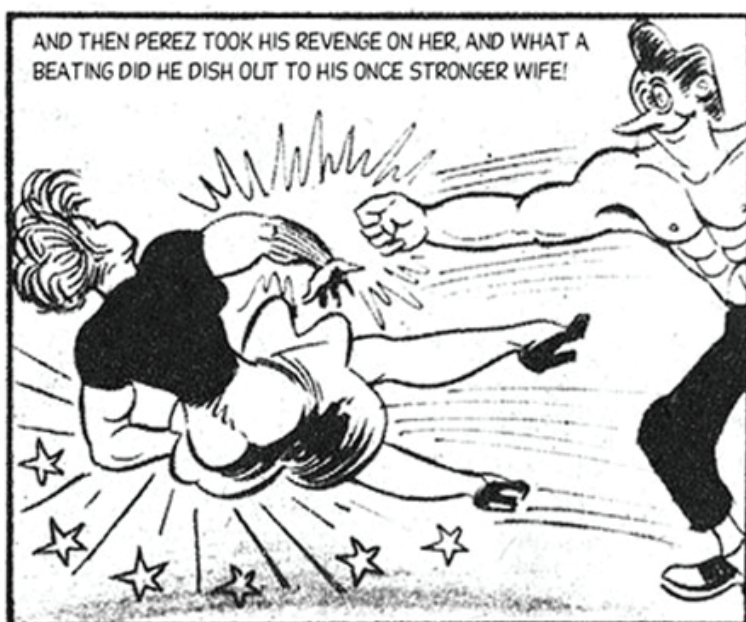
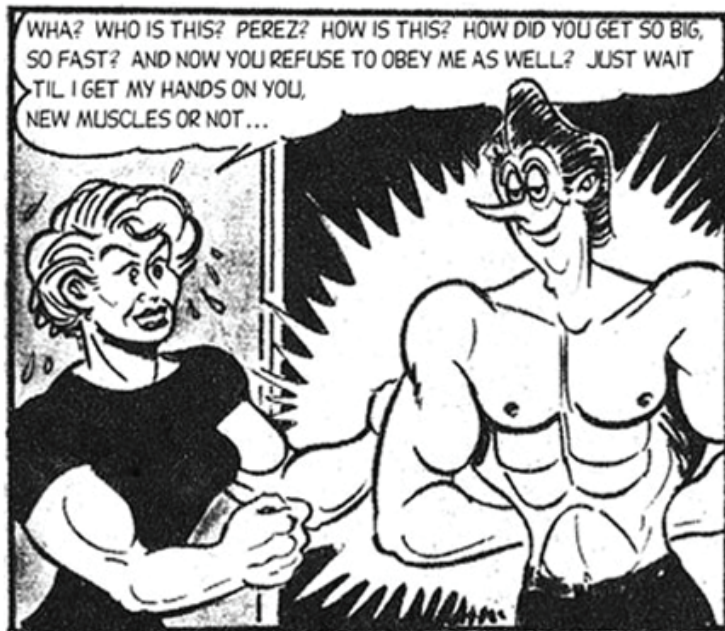
I WILL HELP RESUE YOU
FROM YOUR BEATEN DOWN
LIFE, MY FRIEND. WE MEN
MUST RULE OUR WOMEN!
COME WITH ME...

PEREZ RETURNED HOME AND WITHOUT WASTING ANY TIME, TOOK 12 OF
THE PILLS!



MR. AMERICA WAS
RIGHT I'M FEELING POWERFUL
NOW! JUST WAIT UNTIL
GUAPOTA COMES HOME...!

3

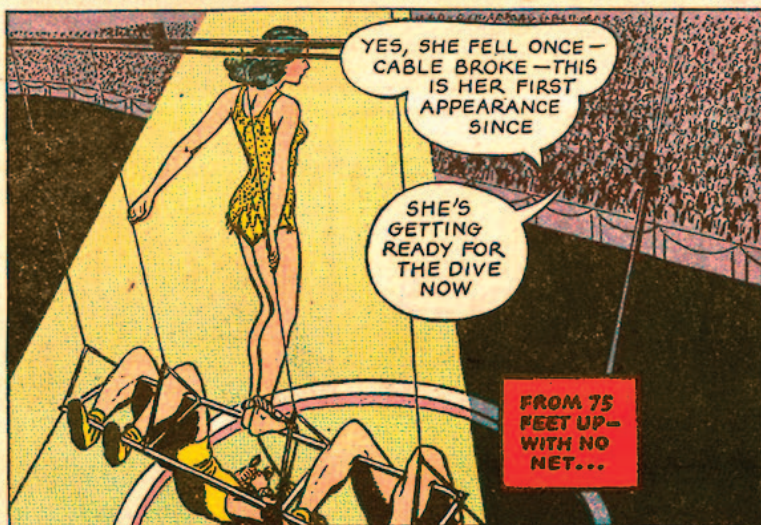
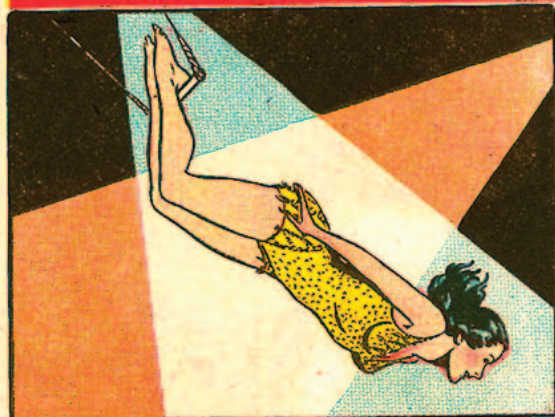


HEADFIRST INTO SPACE!

IT'S ROSE GOULD,
SENSATIONAL
AERIALIST OF
RINGLING BROS.,
BARNUM & BAILEY
CIRCUS

SHE'S 75 FEET
UP—WITH NO
NET BELOW! IT'S THE MOST
DARING AERIAL ACT I'VE SEEN YET!

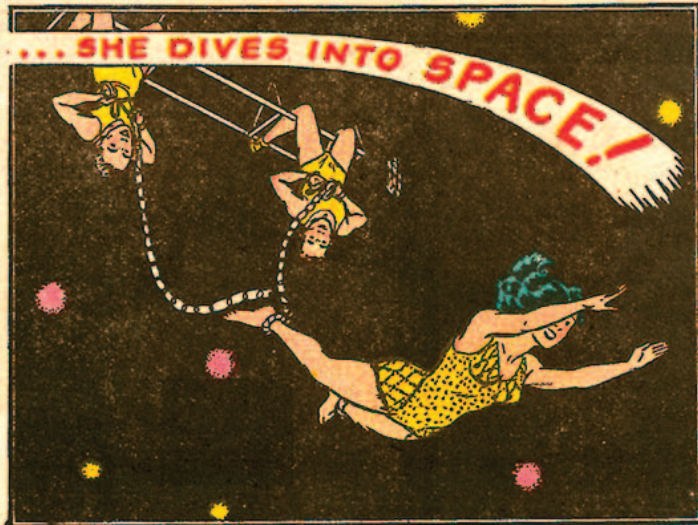
ROSE GOULD HANGS BY HER HEELS — WITH NO
OTHER SUPPORT AND NO NET — IN A
STUNT THAT MAKES EVEN VETERAN
CIRCUS HANDS BLINK!



YES, SHE FELL ONCE —
CABLE BROKE — THIS
IS HER FIRST
APPEARANCE
SINCE

SHE'S
GETTING
READY FOR
THE DIVE
NOW

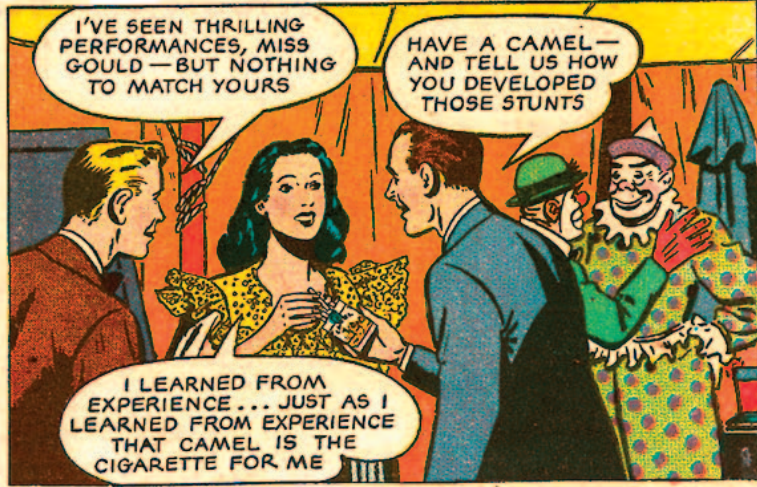
FROM 75
FEET UP —
WITH NO
NET...



... SHE DIVES INTO SPACE!!



— STOPPED BY THE ROPES
AROUND HER ANKLES —
ONLY THREE FEET
FROM THE GROUND!



I'VE SEEN THRILLING
PERFORMANCES, MISS
GOULD — BUT NOTHING
TO MATCH YOURS

HAVE A CAMEL —
AND TELL US HOW
YOU DEVELOPED
THOSE STUNTS

I LEARNED FROM
EXPERIENCE... JUST AS I
LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE
THAT CAMEL IS THE
CIGARETTE FOR ME

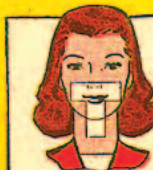
MORE PEOPLE ARE SMOKING

CAMELS

THAN EVER BEFORE



"EXPERIENCE IS THE
BEST TEACHER... IN
AERIAL ACROBATICS... IN
CHOOSING A CIGARETTE TOO!
CAMELS SUIT ME BEST!"
Rose Gould



YOUR "T-ZONE" WILL TELL YOU...
T for Taste... T for Throat...
that's your proving ground
for any cigarette.
See if Camels don't suit
your "T-Zone" to a "T."

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

A GAL?—BUT-??—SHE HAIN'T
MAKIN' TH' MOOSIC. SHE'S A-STANDIN'
BETWIXT
ME AN'
WHAREVAH
TH' MOOSIC
IS COMIN'
FUM.!!



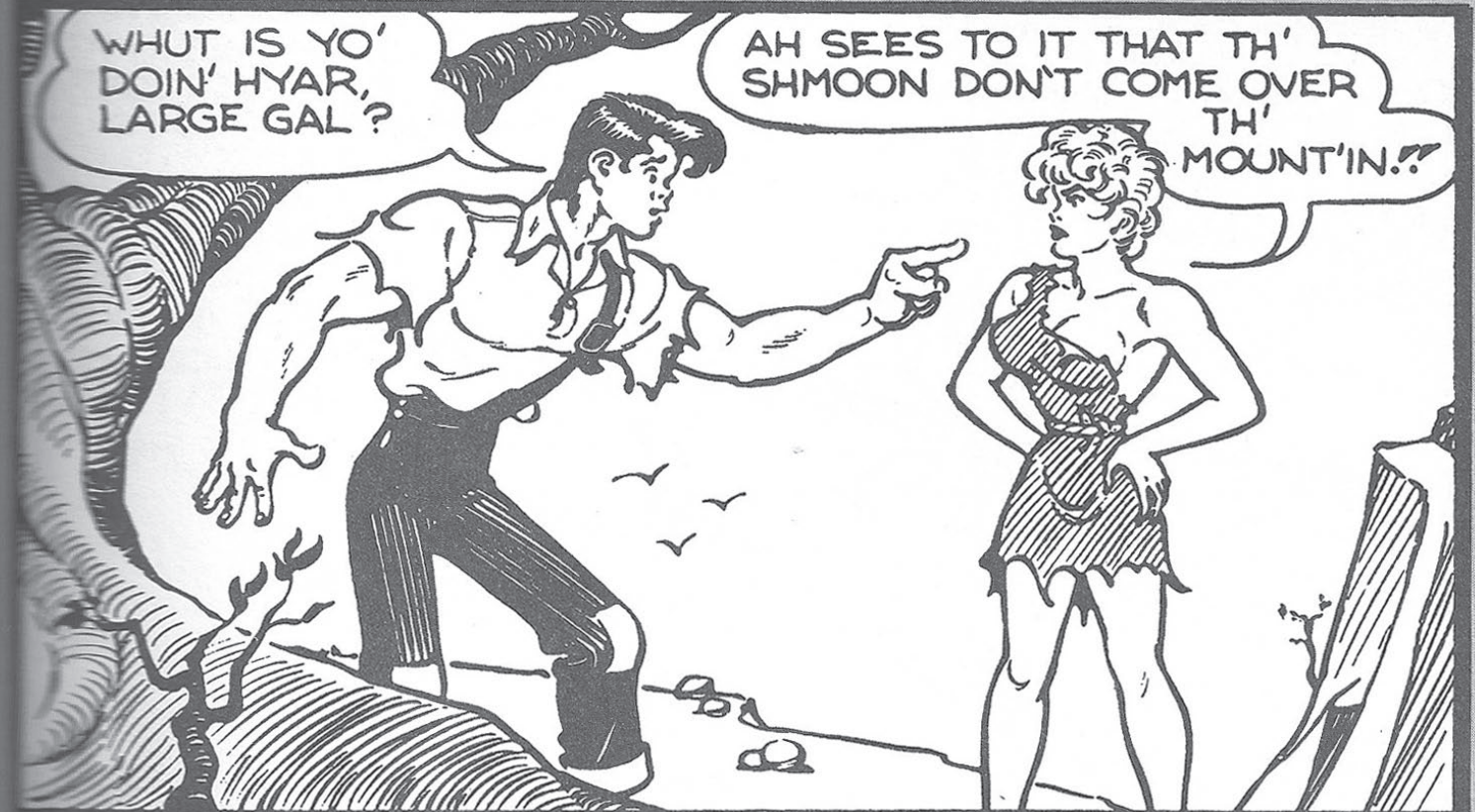
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SHE'S A BIG ONE!!— FIRE IS
A-FLASHIN' FUM HER EYES, AN'
SHE'S A-FLEXIN' HER (GULP!!)
MUSCLES!!



WHUT IS YO'
DOIN' HYAR,
LARGE GAL?

AH SEES TO IT THAT TH'
SHMOON DON'T COME OVER
TH'
MOUNT'IN.!!



IT'S POSITIVELY
FORBIDDEN T'GO
INTO "TH' VALLEY
OF TH' SHMOON"!!

SHMOON

AH POSITIVELY
GOTTA
GO IN THAR!!
AH HEARS
STRANGE
MOOSIC!!



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3-24

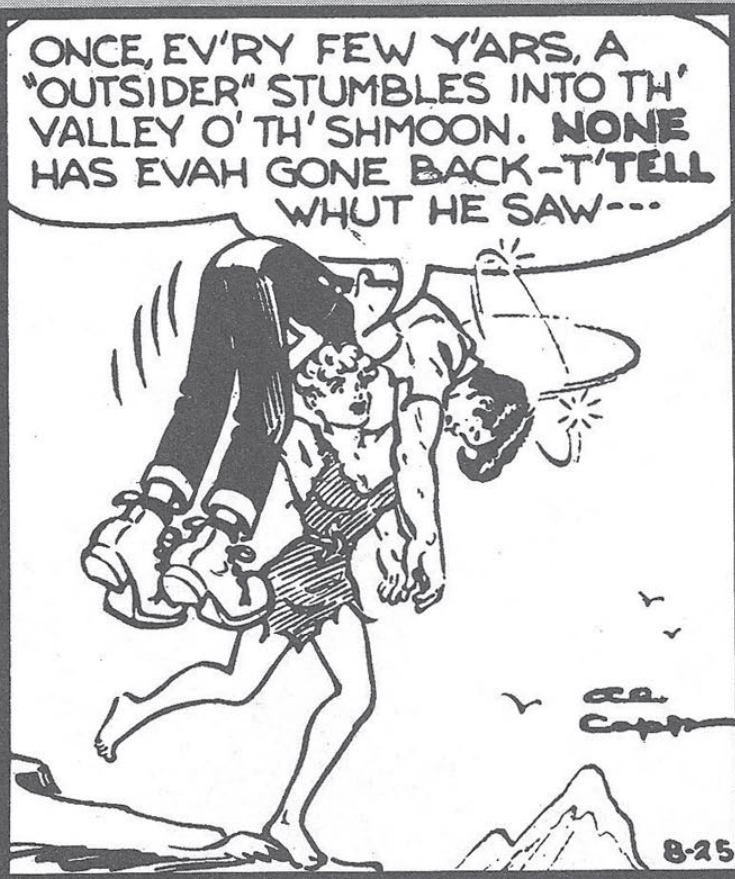
AH SEEN YO' COMIN', BY TH' LIGHT
O' TH' SILVERY SHMOON!!

OH, THIS IS EMBARRASSIN'!!
AH CAIN'T PUT UP NO **FIGHT**
AGIN THIS SAVAGE, BLOOD-
THIRSTY GAL—
ON ACCOUNT
AH IS A
GENNULMAN,
CUSS ME!!



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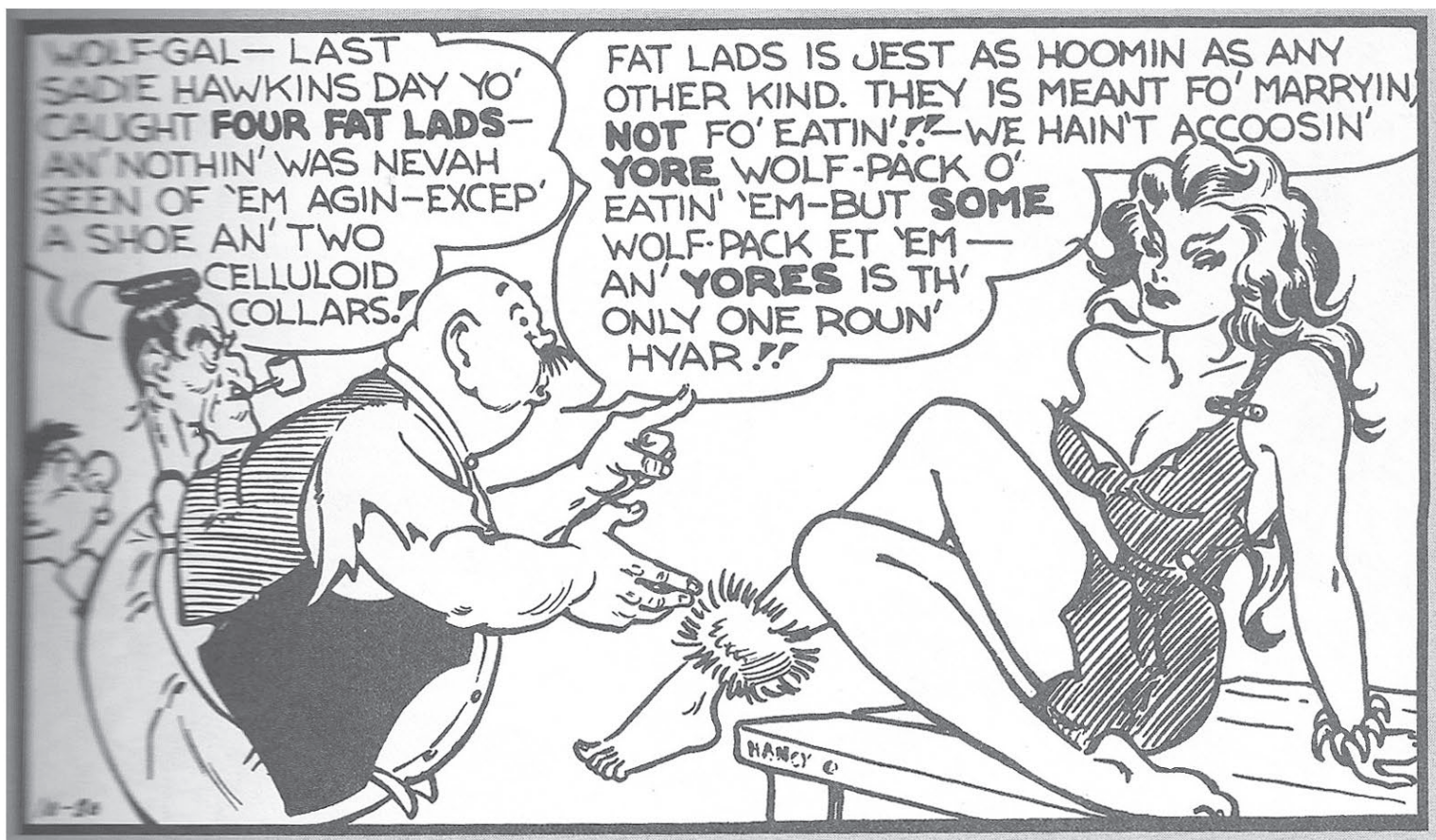




8-25

TOO BAD THIS
FINE, YOUNG
SPECIMEN
DONE HEARD
TH' CALL O'
TH' SHMOO—
BUT-AH
GOTTA
GIT RID
O' HIM !!

**EF YO' DON'T
WANT HIM—
TOSS HIM
MAH WAY!!**



Prologue

In 2007, I suggested to Caroline Munro that I might contribute a comic strip to her newsletter, something that might please some of her fans. We decided that a sequel to her 1979 film, *Starcrash* would be fun. This story is, I like to think, as mad and fun as the movie, and centres on her meeting again with the amazon tribe who captured, and intended to torture her in a 'mind-probe' (the prop seen in the still here). The mind-probe scene was cut from the movie, but Stella's encounter with the amazons is my favorite part of the film, and I'm not alone in my choice. So here, for you...



THE FURTHER PERILS OF
STELLA

Words and pictures by Robin Grenville Evans
Based on a character portrayed by Caroline Munro

PART 1

OUR STORY BEGINS WITH A SPACESHIP CRASHED ON A STRANGE PLANET...AND THE DAZED GIRL WHO HAS STAGGERED FROM THE WRECKAGE...

NO BONES BROKEN...
BUT I HAVE NO IDEA WHERE I AM! WHATEVER FORCE DREW ME HERE KNOCKED OUT MY NAVIGATION SYSTEM!

THROW DOWN YOUR WEAPON!
AH... NOW I KNOW WHERE I AM!
I BET I CAN SHOOT BEFORE YOU CAN THROW THAT SPEAR, SO...

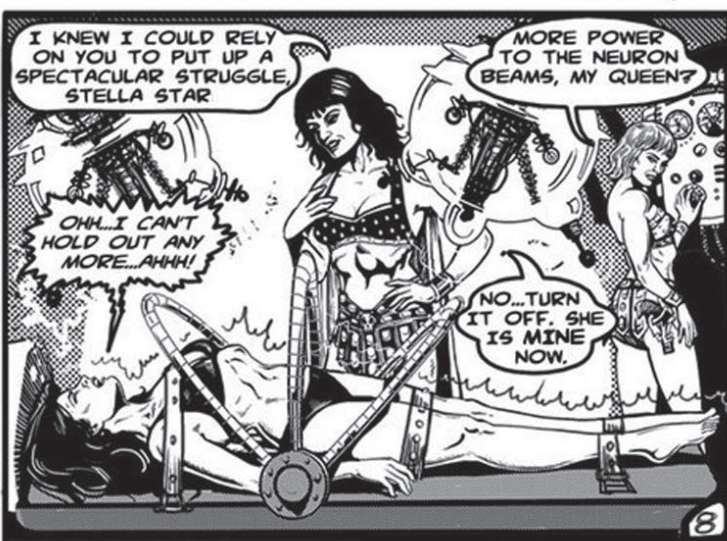
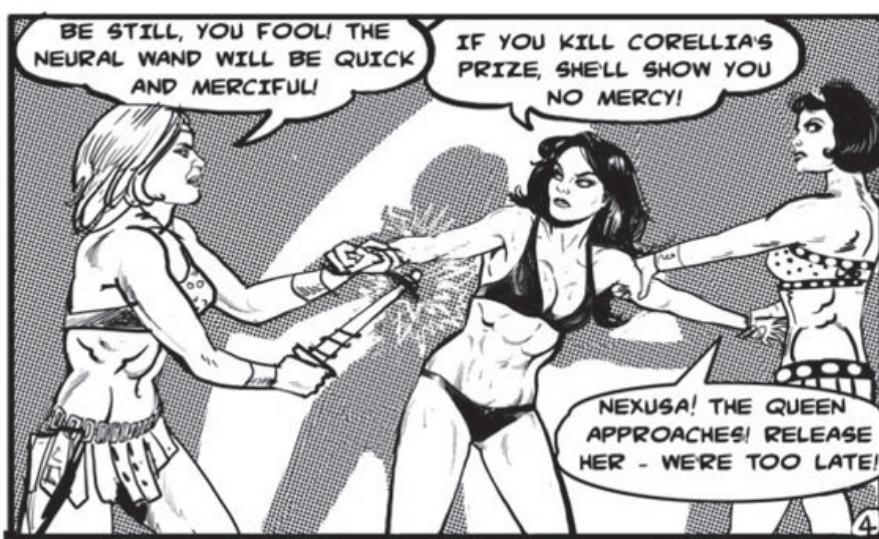
OH...YOU HAVE FRIENDS WITH YOU. HOW NICE.
WE ARE TAKING YOU BACK TO OUR CITADEL, STELLA STAR! OUR QUEEN HAS PLANS FOR YOU.

NEXUSA, TAKE THE PRISONER TO THE PREPARATION ROOM. SEARCH HER FOR ANY HIDDEN DEVICES!
YES, FIANNA!
I WILL INFORM QUEEN CORELLIA OF HER ARRIVAL!

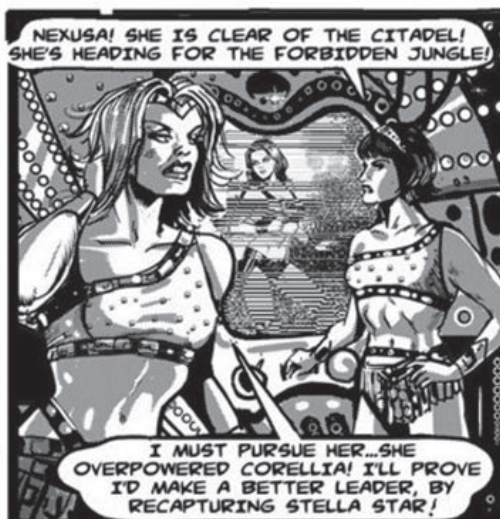
YOU SHOULD FEEL HONORED... QUEEN CORELLIA WANTS YOU TO JOIN OUR RANKS!
THEN SHE'S INSANE. YOU'RE ALL INSANE, AND I'D NEVER JOIN YOU!

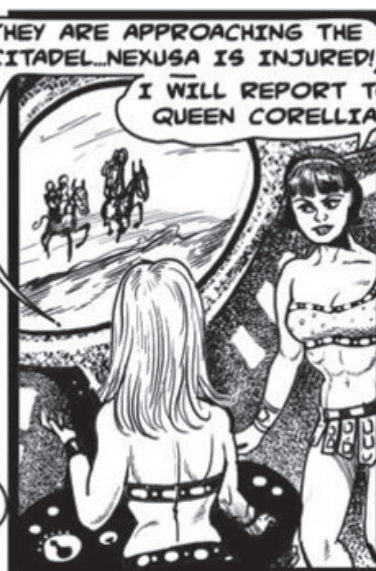
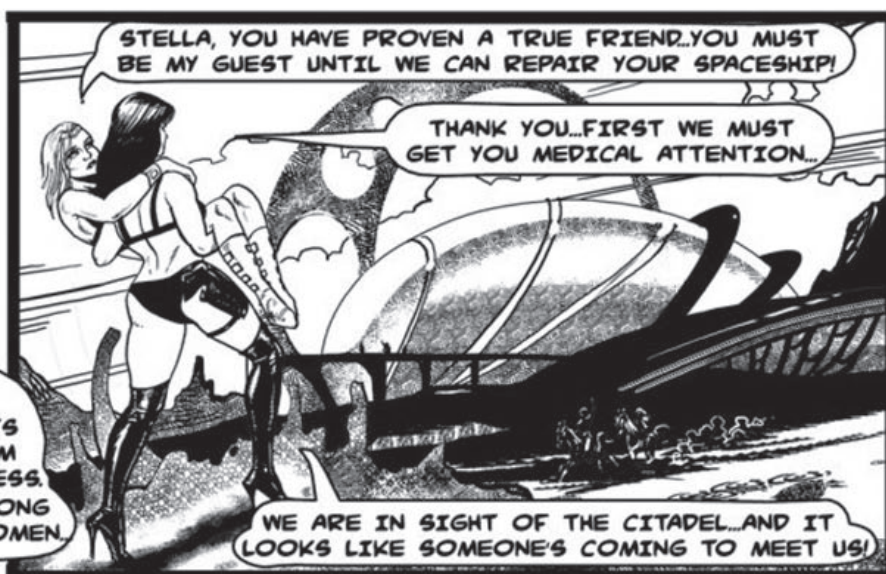
WE DON'T AGREE WITH CORELLIA'S METHODS OF INDUCTION!
AH - I THOUGHT I SENSED THE SCENT OF DISSENT!
SILENCE! WE ARE GOING TO SEARCH YOU - RESIST AT YOUR PERIL!
I'M STILL TOO SHAKY AFTER MY CRASH TO TAKE ON THESE GIRLS...

AND NOW...YOU MUST DIE... BEFORE CORELLIA CAN USE HER MIND HARNESS ON YOU!
WHAT?!













TIGRESSES I

\$3.95

HIT HER HARDER!



Adults Only!







© OJH Collection

Sweet mystery of love!

What did he do wrong? He will never know. A woman in love is unpredictable, as John Law and Angela Osborn show at the Windmill Theatre.

36%

"You may be late for work a lot, Miss Hotbox...but at least you always COME on time!"



4590

"My radio's on the blink, Miss Glotz...can I finish my exercises in here?"





ALL ESCAPIST SEX FANTASY ISSUE!

HUP

\$4.95
ADULTS
ONLY
NO. 2

